

TOM ESSENCE:

OR;

The Modish Wife.

A Comedy.

As it is Acted at the Duke's Theatre.

Licensed, Novemb. the 4th. 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,

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in the Strand, 1677.

7



PROLOGUE.

WHat! will no warning do?—y^e are hardned grown,
So often Filted, yet will be Cully'd on?
'Tis strange---but your good Natures, Sirs, will sway
Powerful Variety you must obey:

I thought your last bad Treatment was enough,
As y^e are of Sermons I've made ye too Play-proof;
Yet---mauger all, you will assist the Cheat,
Tho ye see danger, you'll pursue the feat.

Like brisk young Fopp that's heated with desire,
When knowing Miss does subtly fan his fire,
Tho sure of Clap---yet will he not retire.

Then take your Chance, the first time 'twill not be,
If it prove bad, that we have Consend ye;
Yet we applaud your Curiosity.

For Gallants, shou'd ye fatally engage
To keep from hence till Wit returns to th' Stage.
I fear but few of ye will see that Age.

Then, since the fault's your own, been't too severe
On us---your poor and willing Servants here
For Faith---we treat,

With all the little Wit that you can spare.

The

The Persons Names.

Mr. Percival, Old Monylove. { *A Credulous old Fool, who has a young Wife.*

Mr. Crosby, Courtly. { *A sober Gentleman, Servant to Theodocia.*

Mr. Norris, Loveall. [*A wilde Debauch'd Blade.*

Mr. Gillow, Stanly. { *Gallant to the Old Man's Wife.*

Mr. Lee, Tom Essence. { *A Jealous Coxcomb of his Wife.*

Mr. Richards, Laurence. [*Loveall's Man.*

Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Monylove { *The Old mans Wife, and Mother-in-Law to Theodocia.*

Mrs. Barry, Theodocia, { *Daughter to Old Monylove.*

Mrs. Osburn, Luce, { *A Widdow disguis'd, and passes for Theodocia's Maid.*

Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Essence, { *Tom Essence's Wife very Impertinent and Jealous of her Husband.*

Mrs. Napper, Betty, [*Mrs. Monyloves Maid.*

Servants, Attendants, Bailiffs, &c.

The Scene, LONDON.

Tom Essence :

O R,

The Modish Wife.

ACT the First. Scene the First.

Scene, Covent-Garden.

Luce alone.

Fortune---thou hast proved kind in placing me
 So near my Rival *Theodocia* ;
 And now false *Loveall* suddainly shall find
 A Woman's Honour, nor his Perjuries
 Shall rest long unreveng'd—
 When by his soothing Language, cunning Arts,
 With Protestations to be none but mine,
 I was betray'd to his unruly flame:
 But thus disguis'd, as *Theodocia's* Maid,
 I've subtly won her Love—so that when e're he comes
 I easily shall frustrate his design.—

To her Theodocia.

Theo. Ah my dear *Luce*—

Were't not for thee, my labouring heart wou'd break :
 Thy Friendship eases my disturbed mind,
 And I shall ne're forget that happy hour
 In which thy Cousin brought thee—since thou dost prove
 Not only of Servants, but the best of Friends.

Luce. Madam, whatever hitherto I've done,
 Or shall hereafter do, will prove at last
 To be my Duty—but Madam, your sad looks

B

And

And frequent sighs betray an inward grief;
 Let me Conjure you, by that Name of Friend,
 Which you've been pleas'd to think me worthy of,
 Reveal the cause of this unusual Sadness.

Theo. Ah *Luce* --- a Father's Rigour does disturb my mind
 So much, he's blinded with the love of Wealth,
 He'd have me Cancel all my former Vows
 Which I by his command did make to *Courty*,
 And place 'em on *Loveall*, whom I never saw,
 But by his Picture, ——— so that either way
 I must prove perjur'd or disobedient. (then

Luce. But Madam --- if *Courty*'s false, your Vows will
 Be cancel'd, his silence may cause suspicion;
 For 'tis at least a month since he left the Town:
 And were he constant, as his love seem'd true,
 He could not have forborne so long a time
 From sending kind expressions of his heart,
 T'oblige a pleasing answer ——— but } *Mrs. Effence*
 A constant Lover in this Age is rare; } *ready above.*
 'Tis gallantry to break the Vows of Love,
 And he's the bravest man, who has been most
 Perfidious to his Mistress —

Theo. Forbear dear *Luce* such fatal suppositions:
 Here I'm inclin'd to think all that } *Pulls out a*
 is false } *Picture.*
 Dwells in this man ——— each feature, all the air
 Proclaims a guilt of all things that are ill ———
 Oh, take that hated object from my sight

(*Gives Luce the Picture.*)

Luce. Ha! *Love's* Picture! ———

(*Theo. pulls out another Picture.*)

My Soul's transported with this gift,
 So highly I esteem what she rejects,
 That I have been but one continued thought
 How to obtain th'original.

This present may an happy omen prove,
 To my desires ——— t'enjoy the man I love.

Theo. But look on this ——— then check thy rash opinion:
 Canst thou see here e're an inconstant line ———
 Ah what a pleasing air dwells on this Face!

These

These eyes display at once——

A charming sweetness, and a noble pride;
Nay, all the Lineaments bespeak him one
So truly brave and noble, that 'twere a crime
Unpardonable but to think him false.

Luce. This piece indeed denotes a noble soul:
Yet Madam, pleasing looks have often prov'd
The cloud and varnish of a Treacherous mind:
Yet since your Love's so great, I cannot blame
Your just resentments of a Father's rigour.

Theo. By all that's good I love him——yet I must——oh——

(She faints and lets fall the Picture.)

Luce. Help, help——some help for Charity.

To them Tom. *Essence.*

T. Eff. How now Mrs. *Luce*, what's the matter!

Luce. My Lady is not well——

T. Eff. Is that all? your cry was so lowd, I thought of
nothing less than a Rape——poor soul, she's very silent——
that my damn'd ratling Wife wou'd take example of this di-
vine silent Creature——

Luce. Pray Mrs. *Essence* hold her till I call more help to
carry her in

Exit Luce,

Mrs. Essence discover'd at a Window.

T. Essence. She's cold——I'll try if she has life——
(kisses her) Amber, Musk, and Civit!——I protest I
know not whether she breaths or no——(kisses her again)
she's *Essence* of Violets from head to foot——what a ra-
vishing lip is here!——

Mrs. Essence. What is't I see, my Husband with a Wo-
man in's Armes——'tis so——he kissing her——
Oh pretious Rogue! must I suffer this! I'll be sooner with
you than you desire y'faith.

Exit Mrs. Essence.

To him Luce and a Maid.

T. Essence. Come, come away, 'tis pittty such a pretty
plump (and I believe sound) thing, shou'd slip into the other
World at an Age, in which she is capable to do good in this.

Exit

Enter Mrs. Essence alone.

Gone! how soon they've quitted the place, as if the
Plague were here——I have often wonder'd at his late cold-

ness to me ; but now I find he deny'd me those refreshing Comforts to bestow them on his new Miss ; this is the crying sin o'th' Nation, grown common among the Block-headed Husbands, as well as with the single Libertines, who think every man's Dishought to be at their command to carve where they like best ; and 'tis grown so modish, that the accomplisht Gallants, as they call themselves, will not Marry unless they may have the freedom of keeping a Love-toy, as they name those lewd Creatures ; for a bare Wife won't down with 'em—when Heav'n knows they need not ramble, did they perform their duties at home ; but the Wife must starve and languish whilst they are at their Varieties——but in Troth it shan't be so with my peirt Block-head ; I'll hold him so strictly to't hereafter,——that I'll spoyle his gadding I'll warrant him——
(*Spies the Picture.*)

Ha ! what's here ? if this duskey light deceives me not——
tis a rich case——
By're leave, I must see your inside——

(*Opens the Picture, Starts.*)

To her Tom Essence.

T. Eff. Heaven's be prais'd, 'twas but a swoond——'tis a lovely soul, and on my Conscience not of my old Neighbours Begetting——Her skin's as white and smooth as Pomatom——but mum——here's my Mortifier——

Mrs. Essence. Venus blest me, 'tis a lovely Picture——(*aside*)

T. Essence. What's that she's so devout at ?——ha !——
Stars shine out——

(*Looks over her Shoulder.*)

Gad take me——gad forgive me, 'tis the Picture of a smooth-fac't Fellow.

Mrs. Essence. What a Surprizing look is here ! Oh these bewitching Eyes and tempting Lips ! (*Kisses the Picture.*)
Me-thinks they melt with such a sweetness ! I cou'd for ever dwell upon 'em——
(*aside.*)

T. Eff. S'life, she'll Fornicate with the Picture !

Mrs. Essen. Ah Mrs. Essence, what wou'd become of thee, had'st thou the addresses made thee by such a comely Person ; that Woman were a Beast that cou'd deny the kindness he shou'd sue for——Oh my curst Fortune ! to make one of the Vulgar my Yoak-fellow, 'twere better to be a Miss to such a one as this, than to be Coupled as I am——pretty thing

thing——but such a Picture of Ill-luck is my Logger-head, that a Bear to me is the more beautiful Beast of the two, and would be more pleasing——

(*aside.*)

T. Eff. A Goat would satisfy your Appetite——

(*Snatches the Picture.*)

How now Madam *Flippant*, have I caught you traducing the Honour of your Lawful Sovereign, your Husband——What, what defect have I that should be corrected and amended; this shape and mein in times of Yore were not contemptible when Knights Daughters with their Thousands did prostrate themselves to me; and Maids of Honour, when I carried Gloves and Ribbons to Court to 'em, have sued for Kindnesses which you have reapt; and I pray, what are you, but an Oyl-firkin, whose sole composition is Lamp-oyl and Anchovis.

Mrs. Eff. Yes, yes, I know well enough that——

T. Eff. Do you so *Jesabel*——and after my rejecting my aforesaid creams of beauty to the stetton-milk of thy Countenance, am I thus rewarded? You grow so Rampant, that the plain wholesome dish of a Husband won't down with you, without the Ragous of a Gallant.

Mrs. Eff. Goe to, my special Property, and Cover-lid of Iniquity——inflame not my resentments——but restore my Picture——and that instantly——

T. Eff. Then this is my kind Journey-man, is it?——hum, a pretty Rogue to rob an honest Citizen of his good name,——but did I know him, by *Finsbury* I'd maul him.

Mrs. Eff. Leave off your idle fantastick fancies, and restore my Picture with those submissions that become a Husband; and beg pardon for prying into my Secrets, or I swear I'll act what you may repent you're provokt me to.

T. Eff. Make my Submissions? break thy Neck thou Traytor to my Honour; Slife stop that Clack of thine, or upon Rep, I'll quarter thee, and set 'em up on the City-Gates for a terrour to all Extrayagant Domineering Wives.

Mrs. Eff. And what shall be done to Whoreing disloyal Husbands?

T. Eff. Yet again!——Stand forth, and make up your mouth as demurely as on the day of my Tribulation and Bondage, which was my Wedding-day with thee——so
now,

now, against thy brazen-fac't Lady-ship, thus I draw my Accusation:—*Dorothy Essence*, hold up thy hand,—hold up I say—so—I will show you, to your cost, what I learnt last Sessions, when I was on the Jury.—

Whereas thou *Dorothy Essence*, Wife of *Thomas Essence*, Milliner.

Mrs. Ess. Whereasthou *Thomas Essence*, Husband of *Dorothy Essence* Gentle-woman—

T. Ess. Gentle-woman with a Pox—a Cittizens Daughter and a Gentle-woman—

Not having Grace or Obedience before your eyes—

Mrs. Ess. Not having Grace or Obedience before your eyes.

T. Ess. But being moved by the Diabolical discourses of lewd wild Gallants.

Mrs. Ess. But being mov'd by the Diabolical glances of lewd wanton Creatures.

T. Ess. By Amber-greese and Pomander leave off—or—
Hast Feloniously stolen from the body of thy said Husband—

Mrs. Ess. Hast Feloniously stolen from the body of thy said Wife.

T. Ess. The inestimable commodity of his Life and Calling, his Reputation.

Mrs. Ess. The inestimable commodity of her Life and Calling, her Reputation.

T. Ess. To his dammage, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, and so forth.

Mrs. Ess. To her dammage—

T. Ess. Cudslid Silence.—How sayest thou *Dorothy*, Guilty or not Guilty ?

Mrs. Ess. Hou sayest thou *Thomas*, Guilty or not Guilty—

T. Ess. As gad-sa'me, leave off your tricks and plead, or Sentence shall pass upon you to be Prest to death.

Mrs. Ess. Not Guilty my Lord—

T. Ess. Say you so ?—How wilt thou be tryed then ?

Mrs. Ess. By this—

(*Snatches the Picture and runs out.* Exit.

T. Ess. Good—She's run away with the King's Witness that shall hang her, how-ever, I'll after her, for fear by rampering she spoil my Evidence.

Exit.

Scene,

SCENE, *A Garden to Old Monylove's House.*

Mrs. Monylove and Betty.

Mrs. Mon. It's dark—Art sure you gave *Stanly* right directions?

Betty. Madam I did—but it is not yet the hour; besides, shou'd he come, he'd go directly to your Chamber-window, according to your appointment, and the Ladder is lett down.

Mrs. M. On better thoughts I came hither to prevent his coming to my Chamber, therefore prithee step up and see if he be there; if not, here I will expect him. (*Exit Betty*) That *Stanly* loves me, is questionless, otherwise so brisk a Town-gallant as he cou'd ne're have prov'd so constant to his Amour, considering the frequent repulses I have given him; I must reward his Constancy, but not with yielding to his desires; for tho' (by my old Master Sir *Timothy Thrivewell's* contrivance, who having been busie with me, and fearing I shou'd prove fruitful to his disgrace) I am Married to a *Superannuated* Fool; yet in despite of all temptations and opportunities, if it be possible that flesh and blood can hold out, I'll keep those Vows I made to my old Dotard, in hopes that Heav'n, to reward my Loyalty to him, will take compassion on my Youth, and by his death, make me capable of making a younger Brothers fortune.—not yet come?—I'll take another turn. *Exit.*

Enter Loveall, Laurence.

Law. Sir, Sir, are you mad? shou'd we be discover'd, what can we expect less than a seizure for suspicion of Felony, Burglary, or what not, and so be worshipfully hang'd for a frolick.

Lov. Thou dull insipid Ass, he's no true Lover, who will not run some danger for the sight of's Mistress; and I swear, e're I sleep, if possible, I'll either see or discourse with her; that when I am in bed, I may dream my self into a passion which may enable me more vigorously to express my Love to-morrow: for, if she proves as witty as her Picture describes her fair, I shall be beyond expression happy—

Law.

Lau. No question Sir, but you'll be monstrous vigorous to morrow, shou'd you do as you say—Dream your self into a passion.—But Sir, in my opinion your Dream wou'd prove more pleasant, if you wou'd home to Bed, and fancy her one of those fine Ladys you've Courted and enjoy'd; that is the true Elizium slumber! Hang these Night-spirits, the damn'd suspicion of their being either Old or Ugly, wou'd sooner put me into a Fright, than create Amorous thoughts.

Low. Sarrah, not a word more, and stir not from this place till I come agen; nor breath for your life, lest any one shou'd over-hear you—

Exit Loveall.

Lau. I am a Slave Sir—So, now is he as hot after fresh game, as a new cured Gallant that runs a Tilt against the next Petticoat he meets, to try his Doctors skill—It's not above two months since he swore a Rich Widdow into belief of his Counterfeit Love; for she (good natur'd soul!) thinking him real, yielded; but so soon as he had done the feat, he (like the rest of his Brother strikers) turn'd tail and sneakt away without taking leave—ha—I hear somebody coming—now honest *Laurence*, to save thy Carcase, what wou'dst thou give for *Daphne's* sac-
culty of being turn'd into a Tree?

Enter Theo. Luce.

Theo. Come my dear Friend—

Let's recreate our selves in these coole shades,
And for a while divert my troubled mind
From wracking thoughts—

For his tormenting silence prompts me to think
That your suspicion's just—Ah! were he here,
A Fathers rigorous power shou'd not prevail.

Luce. I wonder Madam that he's not yet come,
Since I writ word of what consequence
His presence wou'd be here—and us'd, I thought,
Sufficient motives to have hastned him.

Theo. Pray Heav'n he's well—

Lau. She's very passionate poor Creature!—

Lau. Stumbles and makes a noise.

Theo. Ha! who's there?—

Lau. Cudslid I me discover'd, but Tie come off—I am
a Friend and Servant of your happy Lovers, Madam—who
is fortunately arrived to ease your griefs: This

This must be Mrs. *Theodocia*——

(*aside.*

Theo. Is fortune then so kind?—Say Friend, to whom it is you do belong?——

Lau. Belong Madam? to whom shou'd I belong, but to him who admires, doats, and thinks of nothing in the world, but of your fair self? My knowledge of th'entreigue of the Picture will convince you who I serve:—Say Madam, is it not an excellent Picture, and describes the Original deserving?——

Theo. My doubts are clear'd, it must be *Courtly's* man.

Ah tell me if thy Master be in Town——

If he is, fly to him and bring him hither;

Tell him with what impatience here I wait

His coming, to confirm our plighted Loves.

Lau. That you may quickly do Madam, for he's in this Garden; and since you are so impatient, I'll venture a broken Nose to find him out—Oh Love what power hast thou, that with a picture canst create a flame! *Exit Lau.*

Theo. Come *Luce*, let's hast to meet the man I Love——

Exeunt Theo, Luce.

Enter Mrs. Mon. Betty, Loveall at a distance.

Betty. He's not yet come Madam——

Mrs. M. Art sure the Garden door is open——see——

Exit Betty.

Lov. This must be She; for by the sudden glimps of a light from the Houses, I saw her shape and mein; and both seem'd pleasing——

(*aside.*

Mrs. M. Ha! there's some body; it must be he—hiff, hiff.

Lov. Who's there?—Now Love assist me——(*aside*

Mrs. M. Speak softly Friend, for shou'd the old mans spys (As questionless such Agents he may have To pry into my Actions) over hear, Or discover you, I too soon shou'd lose The good opinion which with care I've gain'd With my old Dotard, and be incapable To prosecute my intended kindness, Which for requital of your constant Love I have design'd——

For know, the Assignment which I've made, Is to propose what may advantageous prove To you for ever, if you approve of it.

C

Lov.

Lov. Ha! blest mistake! this is the old mans Wife }
 My Uncles once convenient Utensil: } *aside.*
 Now for some Love-intreigue; Horns on my life
 Are making for the old Fools empty Noddle.

Mrs. M. In short 'tis this——

By my contrivance, I have won my Husband
 To force his Daughter *Theodocia*
 To break those Vows which formerly she made
 To *Courtly*——and I, assisted by my old Gallant
 (Who made this cursed match for me, and thinks
 Me loyal to his Intreigue) have, much adoe,
 Perswaded my old man to give consent
 That Sir *Timothy's* debauchit wild Nephew, *Loveall*,
 Shall marry *Theodocia*——

Lov. Good——meaning me, kind Devil!—— *(aside.)*

Mrs. M. But I've a plot runs counter to both theirs——
 For I've resolv'd *Theodocia* shall be yours.

Lov. So,——now must I to exercise with rusty Bilboe;
 For since I've Rivals, I may conclude she's handsome;
 Which if she proves, I'll do what I before did not design:
 I'll marry her——before my intentions were
 Only t'have Wheadled her good Nature up to Love,
 Then given her strong sufficient proofs of mine;
 That done gently, have left her in the fashion.

Mrs. M. Why stand you mute? do not six thousand pounds
 And a fair Virtuous Lady deserve thanks?——ha--- *Betty?*---

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Mr. *Stanly* is now enter'd the Garden——

Mrs. M. How, *Stanly* said you! he's here already, wench---

Betty. It's impossible, I parted with him but now at the
 Garden gate.

Lov. Now brain assist me to get off——I have it.
 Madam, I must confess I'me not the man
 Whose blifs you labour; yet be he whom he will,
 I love that Lady with as pure a flame as he;
 Yet I confess I find he has the odds
 Of me, in having two most powerful Advocates,
 Fortune and your Self to plead his cause.

Mrs. M. 'Tis *Courtly* sure; but I'me not seem to know
 him.

(aside.)

Sir,

Sir, who e're you are, that thus rudely've entred
This place at so unseasonable a time,
'Twill be the safest way to quit it soon;
But if you obstinately stay, I shall conclude
What now I but suspect: That your design
Is not for Love, but to rob the House.

Lov. Of a fair Ladys heart, by Heav'n I wou'd:
Cou'd I but seize on *Theodocia's* Love,
I wou'd submit to the severest sentence
A Fathers rigour cou'd pronounce.

Mrs. M. Oh *Betty*, this can be none but *Courty*,
My Daughters Lover, and my design is ruined;
For questionless he'll tell my Husband of it——then,——

Betty. Fear nothing Madam, if he proves so base
I'll take't upon my self, as if I did
Personate you; and I thank my Stars,
I have a Confidence can match the boldest blade.

Mrs. M. Let's hast then to my Chamber, lest the Servants
Should discover *Stanly* there. *Mrs. M. Betty.* Exeunt.

Lov. They are gone——good——
What have I got now by my Curiosity?
Only the knowledge that I have a Rival,
And consequently blood must ensue. (*Call Luce.*)
Well, happen what will, I am resolved to morrow
I'll see her; and if possible, find out
Who this Rival is.

Enter Laurence.

Lau. Hilt,——Sir, Sir, it grows damnable dark.

Lov. Who's there, *Laurence*?

Lau. The same Sir, honest *Laurence*; and in despite of
the Proverb, no Lazy *Laurence*, for I've been active; both
Brain and Limb I've ventur'd to do you Service, and so suc-
cessfull I have prov'd, that with the Emperour I may say,
Veni, I came up to her; *Vidi*, I had a glimpse of her Phis-
nomy; but *Vici*, I came over her: y'saith the Town's your
own, impatient she is now in quest of you; i'th' Garden to
find you out, my Nose and Tree have had several encoun-
ters; but that I am honest *probatum est*, my Nose stands
right, and smells your Mistress near.

Lov. My precious Rogue, where is she ?

Lau. Not far, I'll engage. Poor Soul, I no sooner nam'd the Picture, but she was on tip-toe of desire to speak with you : But she comes—to her Sir, fear no colours, for I have broke the Ice.

(*Noise of a Door shutting.*)

Lov. Sarrah, I hear a Door shut ; see if it be the Gardens, and bring me word.

Lau. I'll endeavour to find it out Sir, and if I escape this Night whole, I'll be hang'd e're I'll venture on such another Romanick project.

Exit Lau.

Enter to Loveall, Luce.

Luce. Her Love has guided her so fast, I've lost her, But I'll take th'other turn to find her out. Ha !

(*Offers to go. Lov. takes hold of her.*)

Lov. My Life, my Soul : I want words to express My joys, for this blest opportunity Of making known to you my restless Love.

Luce. How's this ? 'tis *Loveall's* Voyce, my for-
sworn Servant.

Too sure 'tis he, for my rebellious heart
Leapt in my breast when he began to speak.

Aside.

Lov. Your beauty by your Picture is display'd,
And if with beauty you have mercy too,
My joys will be compleat ; for by those Stars
Which borrow lustre from your Eyes, I swear
I am so Fetter'd with Loves pleasing toyles,
That I can sooner dye than cease to love.

Luce. Too true, 'tis he ; the very words he us'd ?
When he betray'd my Honour, Perjur'd man !

Aside.

Lov. How ! dumb, my fair ? this shall unlock your lips.

(*Offers to kiss her.*)

Luce. Keep off Sir, and who e're you are, y'are rude ;
What business have you here ? and pray with whom ?

Lov. I am *Loveall*, who cannot, will not rest
Till I have heard my Doom.

I know not by what art the Painter drew
That Picture which was sent me by my Uncle :
But sure your beauty 'twas that did inspire him ;
For with his Pensil h'has so powerfully drawn
Such killing sweetness, and attractive Charms
That I no sooner saw,

But

But lost my liberty, and became a Lover.

—Not speak, my fair?

Torment me not with this your killing silence,
But kindly answer me, and bid me live.

Luce. It shall be so.

Sir, your love by your impatience you have shown;

But shou'd I yield ere I have try'd or seen

The man that sues for love, what cou'd I expect,

But a just censure of a forward longing

For a Husband; or at least

My discretion might be call'd in question.

Then Sir, desist at present: fear; yet hope,

For till I've approv'd your person, tryed your flame,

I shall forbear further discouraging with you:

If your Love's true, comply with my desires,

And quit this place; for shou'd we be discover'd

By any of the Servants, my Honour wou'd suffer;

Therefore good night, but take this with you Sir——

I long for the approaching day as much as you. (*Exit Luce.*)

Love. She's gone; happy, happy Loveall;

Her wit, by her discretion, she has shown:

I'm so transported with my happiness,

I know not what to do.

Where is this Rascal now? that I might home,

And in a dream I'll Antedate my bliss.

Exit.

Enter Stanly; after him Laurence.

Stan. What shou'd this fellow be? perhaps 'tis one
order'd to expect my coming, and with more safety to con-
duct me to her. (*aside.*)

Law. Is she not a charming Creature? what a Devil
shou'd make you quit th'encounter so soon? the Garden
door goes with a spring-lock, no fear of being impounded
for this Trespass: Well, had I been half as much in Love
as you pretend to be, I shou'd have giv'n her further proofs
of it ere we had parted. Oh 'tis the fondest Tit, and talks
so prettily of Love! Y're strangely alter'd on the sudden;
you were not so cold and backward when you attempted and
enjoy'd the Frolick-widdow at Stamford.

Stan. How's this? Some Villain (on my life) designing
force on *Theodocia's* Virtue, knowing she uses to walk late

at

at Nights in this Garden; but I'll spoil his Plot. Sir, discover who that Devil your Master is, or I'll cut your Throat.
(lays hold on Lau.

Lau. Ha! Pox on't, what a damn'd mistake was this: now some trick to get off;

I'll Huff: How Sir, will you cut my Throat Sir?

Stan. Yes Sir, if you defer your answer; therefore be speedy.

Lau. So I will y'faith; murder, murder.

(Lau. slips out of Stanly's hand, and runs out crying Murder.

Stan. The Rogue is gone, and will Alarm the House; what shall I do?

Enter Loveall.

Lov. That was my Rascals voice: Hift Lawrence: Sirrah, Dog, how you yelp.

Stan. Another Villain? Defend your life, who e're you are. *(draws.*

Lov. My Rival I hope: Now Luck, if't be thy will, direct my Sword. *(they fight.*

Enter Lau.

Lau. What shall I do, there's a whole Regiment coming: Ha! a Ladder; *(Gropes about, & finds the Ladder; goes up the wrong side.*
 b'your leave, this shall be my way.

Lov. Company coming? then 'tis time to Retreat. *Exit.*

Enter Servants with Lights.

Serv. From this place the noyse came; come along, come along.

Stan. Now Wit assist me.

Lau. How? the Devil! Heav'n have mercy on my soul, what will become of me now? *(Stanly slips off his Habit; discovers a Devils Habit; puts on a Masque, goes and meets them; they run out crying, the Devil--*

Stan. Thanks good contrivance, this has done me Service, and all is hush again: My fighting Blade gone too. Now for the soft carelles of my Love, her yielding kindness will countervail past dangers: I wish all doating Fools had such obliging Wives as my Miss proves, what a gentile world

world it wou'd be then? The Candle's brought.

(A Candle set in the Window.

Thus to my Heav'n I mount.

As Stanly goes up the right way, Lau. descends the wrong way of the Ladder.

Lau. Fortune I thank thee for this discovery and deliverance: Old man, snore hard.

*When old Fools Wed, they must with Horns dispence:
Horns are the just rewards for impotence.*

The end of the First Act.

ACT the Second: Scene the First.

Scene, *Mrs. Monyloves Chamber.*

Mrs. Monylove and Stanly.

Stan. **Y**Our reasons Madam have prevail'd, and I'm become your Convert; henceforth I'll curb my loose desires: But which way shall we effect your kind Contrivance, which you for my advantage have design'd? for *Theodocia* will not quit her Vows she made to *Courtly*, and your old man intends she shall be *Loveall's* Bride.

Mrs. M. Were you once introduced into the Family, my Daughter-in-Law shou'd be yours; for I'de so work upon the Old mans temper, that he shou'd believe all I shou'd say was true: I'de add some Cyphers to your small Estate, to make it swell above your Rivals; his Covetousness wou'd then be assistant to the Cheat, and make him embrace you for his Son-in-Law.

Stan. What e're we intend to do, must speedily be put in execution; for without question, the person I encounter'd in the Garden, was *Loveall*, her new-arriv'd Servant.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Oh Madam, my Master's coming up Stairs.

Mrs. M.

Mrs. M. What shall we do, he's as fond as an old Baboon; the Nights I Articled with him upon Marriage, to lye alone, I designed for the enjoyment of my self; but he is so soon stirring in the morning, that I am as much plagued, as if I had lay'n with him all the Night; but his fondness wou'd soon turn to Jealousie should he see you here; therefore good Sir, hide your self under the Bed, or any where.

Stan. Madam, fear nothing: *Betty*, prithee help me on with my Coat: So, so, now I am prepar'd to receive him, and both of ye be sure to second what e're I say.

(*Old M. coughs within.*)

Enter Old Monylove.

Old M. Joy, where art? as I say, my Chick, I've hardly rested for want of thy sweet Company to Night: Ha! what do I see? a man in my Wifes Chamber so early? Bless me! in the name of goodness, what art thou?

Stan. Be not surpris'd good Sir, I am your Friend and Neighbour.

Old M. My Neighbour Sir! as I say, you may be my Neighbour, but not my Friend; I'll stand to't.

Betty. It's Dr. *Bleedwell* Sir, he lives within three doors of us; my Lady, last night, finding her self not well, sent me for him.

Stan. But I unfortunately was then abroad; so soon as I return'd, my man inform'd me that your Maid was to enquire for me; I then immediately came to your House, and finding the Garden-door open, innocently entered; but such dismal shrieks I heard, and horrid Apparitions came up towards me, that I left the place with great Confusion.

Old M. Apparitions said you Sir? bless us!

Stan. Many Sir; one Devil among the rest, was five foot higher than the Dutch-man that is showed about Town, with a great Beard, flaming Eyes, meager Looks, and a large pair of Horns on his head; a Citty-Devil on my life, by his Crest.

Old M. Sir, your Servant, I'll stand to't, the very Devil by his description, that *Roger* told me he saw.

Stan. When I was got home, and had recollected my self, I resolv'd to visit your Lady early this morning, to know her pleasure;—And let me tell you Sir—

Old M.

Old M. What, what, will he tell me that he has Cuckold me? as I say, I know not what to think, he seems a strong-chined Knave.

(aside.)

Stan. Your Lady's in a desperate condition.

Old M. Condition Sir! what condition? ha!

Stan. Sownd, Sownd, Madam, (to Mrs. Mon.) See, see, now the Fits upon her; this is a Disease incident to young Married women, obstructions which often produce Madness, if not timely remedied.

Mrs. M. Oh sick, sick, where is my Master? were it not for his sake, I wou'd resolve to dye rather than undergoe this torment long.

Old M. Oh kill me not dear Cock with such fatal words; if all I am worth can purchase thy health, thou shalt not want it, I'll stand to't. Good kind Sir, have some compassion on a wretched man, find out some speedy way to save my Chickins life; and as I say, here's your Fee, which shall be trebled when the Cure is perfected, I'll stand to't.

Sta. There is a way;—agen the Fit's return'd.

Mrs. Mon. Sownds.

In short Sir, *Tunbridge*-waters are her only remedy.

Old M. They are sold in Town, I'll send for some immediately.

Stan. In Town? Save your money Sir; those Waters sold in Town, are near Cheats, they put a little Salt-Peeter, Brimstone, Rusty iron to our Conduit-waters to nauciate the tast, which with the Ignorant, pass currant: but were they right, they lose their Virtue, once remov'd from the Spring; besides, the Air as well as Waters is assisting to the Cure.

Old M. To *Tunbridge* Wells you say Sir; *Betty*, put up your Mistresses things, and bid the Fellow get the Coach ready, for we will go part of the way to Night.

Stan. Wou'd you go, said you? not for the world Sir.

Old M. Why Sir, why may not I go?

Stan. I find Sir, you have no insight into our Learning; therefore your Ignorance is excusable.

Old M. What if I had Sir, what then?

Stan. You wou'd not then have offer'd to have gone your self; for as the memorable *Italiano*, in his Treatise *de Ele-*

D

mentis

mentis observes; some waters are of strange natures, and different effects in operation: Particularly he mentions a *Span* near *Room*, whose water was excellent for the Cure of Barrenness, if Women went without their Husbands: And he tells a Story, that some suspicious Husbands accompanying their Wives to those waters, instead of Curing, they proved absolute Poyson to the women, so that no less than six and forty Married-women lost their lives in one day: but says he, had the Jealous Coxcombs stayed at home, they had sav'd their Wives lives, and their Cures had been effected.

Old *M.* Goodness defend me! but Sir, are *Tunbridge*-waters of that nature?

Stan. Of a far stranger; for shou'd any of your Servants go with her, it may endanger her Life.

Old *M.* Some body must, for fear of further sickness.

Stan. Any of her own Relation or Acquaintance may, without danger.

Old *M.* Let me see—my Daughter cannot, she's to be Married; were that don, *The*, and her Husband shou'd have borne her Company—Oh I have it: my Dear, prithee send to my Cousin *Pride*, the Mercer's Wife, she's acquainted with the place, and found benefit by the Waters; and that very Summer she drank them, soon after she had a chopping Boy.

Mrs. M. What you please Master, but my Maid says, some of her Relations live near the Wells.

Old *M.* But Duck, our Neighbour Dr. says, none of the Family must go.

Stan. Yes, yes Sir, her own Maid may with security, but none that belongs to you.

Old *M.* Let it be so then, and Heav'n bless the Remedy, and may the Waters pass.

Mrs. M. Hast *Betty*, and put up my Cloaths whilst the old man is in the humour: Oh sick; good Dr. some speedy Remedy, and commiserate my sad condition.

Old *M.* 'Lass poor fool, it grieves my soul, and see, it melts to tears.

weeps.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir *Timothy Thrivewell*, Sir, and a Gentle-man, are in the Dining Room, and desires to see you.

My

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Old *M.* My good Friend, and his long expected Nephew
I warrant: VVise, I'll see you agen e're you go: Sarrah, bid
my Daughter come to me in the Dining-room.

Boy. She's there already Sir.

Old *M.* That's well: Sir, I hope you will excuse my
abrupt departure.

Stan. Your Servant Sir: I'll write (e're I go) a Dyary for
your Lady, in what method she must drink the VVaters;
and if they operate as I expect, think of getting a Boy
Mr. *Monylove*.

Old *M.* Ha, ha, he, kind Sir, your Servant; how, I get
a Boy, you jest, you jest, I'll stand to't. Old *M.* *Exit.*

Stan. Indeed Miracles are ceast: What a credulous Ass
is an old Dorard. Now Madam I have thought on a way to
perfect your design, and to make me happy with fair *Theo-*
dokia.

Mrs. *M.* I have an Intreigue which certainly must take
for introducing you into the Family; but at your Lodging
we will discourse further of it, therefore hast thither and ex-
pect me.

Stan. I fly Madam, and shall think the hours, Ages, till I
see you there. *Exeunt* severally.

SCENE the Second. *Monyloves* House.

Luce Sola.

Falſe man! he's now repeating what to me he ſaid,
To *Theodokia*, and ſhou'd ſhe prove as credulous as I,
My hopes wou'd be blaſted: may Heav'n direct her,
And make her hate him, which ſhe ſure wou'd do,
Were ſhe inform'd of his Ingratitude.
What ſhall I do? Altho his injuries
To me, have been beyond expreſſion great,
Yet my Rebellious heart pleads for him ſtill,
And will not let me entertain a thought
That might perſwade to Jealouſie.

Enter Laurence.

Law. Now Mrs. Repository of thy Lady's Secrets, ſince
my Maſter, like the bold Knight, is encountering your Lady,
according to Romantick method, I, the Squire of his body,

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ſhou'd

shou'd caress thee, the Squire's of her body; and thus I accost my Damsel, and display affection. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Luce. Away, you are too Saucy.

Lau. Baulk not a young Lover in his first Address, for by all those fine things my Heroe is saying to thy Lady, thy beauty has so smitten me, that I languish all night, and sigh all the day, and so forth. (*he sings.*)

Luce. And never saw me before ?

Lau. Yes, but I have—thy likeness, but let that pass.

Luce. My likeness Sir ?

Lau. Yes, thine, little wilde Cat: Let me see, where was it ?—oh, in my Dream last night, me-thought thou wert the kindest, comingst thing—but a Pox on these backward Interpretations of Dreams, for I find, *That fancy did, what Phillis will not do.* (*sings.*)

Luce. I hope this Fellow knows me not, I'll try him further, and will seemingly comply; he may perhaps discover *Loveall's* intentions to me. Well Sir, I Vow to bluth to find myself so forward; for I must confess the first sight of you bred an alteration in me, but your gay frolick humour so extreemly pleases me, that if you prove as sincere a passionate Lover as your Master seems to be to my Mistress, and they make it a match—here is my hand upon it, I will not be backward.

Lau. If you are, I'll soon man you—why so, this makes the Proverb good, *Happy is that Wooing which is not long a doing.* Hang all Love-speeches, they serve only to screw a man up to such unreasonable protestations, that of necessity he must break 'em; or keeping them, proclaim himself an easie Fool: But my Master (Heav'n be prais'd) knows better things good man—ha, ha, he—his Vows will ne're trouble him.

Luce. Is not your Master real in his Love to my Mistress ?

Lau. Oh yes, he's as really Passionate as *Tarquin* in his Addresses to a Woman he likes; his design is only to stretch a Commandement, or so, with her good Gentleman. (*aside.*)

Enter Boy.

How now Scoundrel, what come you for ?

Boy. Here are some Letters for my Master.

Luce. Ha! Letters for him ? (*aside.*)

Lau.

Lau. Give 'em me Sirrah, I'll deliver 'em.

Luce. My fancy questionless must take. *(aside.*
I'll ease you of that trouble Sir, if you please, and carry
them in. *(to Lau.*

Lau. Wilt thou? with all my heart; for to say truth, I
long to be carousing with my Companions in the Cellar: I
shou'd have spoke with my Master, but the business requires
no hast, another time will serve—do'st hear oh Damsel
fair, when I am full fraught, expect a broad-side from me;
for Wine elevates my soul, adds confidence, and will make
me boldly express the violent out-goings I have for thy sweet
self. *(Exit Lau.*

Luce. I luckily have thought upon a way
Which of necessity must take.

Fortune Revenge, I both your aids implore,
To cure my Honour, and my Love restore;
And both your powers for ever I'll adore. }

Exit:

SCENE the Third. *Tom Effence* with the Picture.

Scene, Covent-Garden.

T. Eff. So, so, I have recover'd it at last: I rose early this
morning, and pickt her Pocket of it while she was in bed:
now I'll take a view of my precious Padder for hearts.

Enter Courtly.

Court. My soul's alarm'd with that fatal news
Which *Theodocia* sent in her Letter:
Thou fair example of true Love and Constancy,
I flye to rescue thy unfully'd Virtue,
And will redeem it from a Father's power.

(goes towards T. Effence.

Oh Heavens! I either dream, or sure that Fellow
Has my Picture which I gave to *Theodocia*
When I went out of Town.—I'll go nearer.

(looks over T. Eff. his Shoulder.

T. Eff. I know him not at present—certainly he was never
my Customer:

Wretched Mr. *Effence*, to what a destiny art thou born, that
such a smooth-fac'd Rascal shou'd tumble thy Wife, and
risk her of thy reputation.

Court. By Heav'n, the pledge of my eternal love;
Strange

Strange thoughts and jealousies throng in and fill
My troubled breast,

And fatal fears wou'd urge me to suspect

That *Theodocia* is unconstant grown. (*looks agen, &c.*)

T. Eff. What, what wou'd this Fellow have?—*honest*

Tom. must thou never go abroad agen, but must expect to be pointed at for a Hen-peckt Fribble; in troth I pity thee.

Court. Hell and Confusion, 'tis too true the same. (*aside.*)

T. Eff. This Fellow's as prying as an Informer: Sir, what are you, who would you speak with, what's your business, or are you a Counter-Vermin you stick so close? if you are, y'are mistaken in your man: I owe nothing, my Wifes Portion paid my Debts, therefore march off before my Indignation flies about your ears.

Court. You must resolve me one question first Sir.

T. Eff. Must Sir?

Court. Yes, must Sir, and that quickly too.

T. Eff. Before you ask it Sir? The strangest Fellow I e're met with in my life.

Court. Leave off Fooling, and tell me how you came by that Picture?

T. Eff. How I came by this Picture?

Court. The truth you Rogue, or I'll send thy soul to another world.

T. Eff. Rogue? very fine! in short my answer is, what is that to you, how I came by it.

Court. Sirrah trifle not; but tell me, or by Heav'n—

T. Eff. Yes, do kill me, and I'll have thee } *Looks on*
hang'd, if all I am worth can purchase a Hal- } *Court. then*
ter. If he be a man of Honour, sure he won't } *on the Pi-*
kill me, because I have no weapons. (*aside.*) } *cture.*

How? how? how's this? Slife, this is the Villain that does my drudgery as they say; have I found you y'faith: now *Thomas* take courage & Huff him briskly—ha, ha, Sir, have I found you? this blustering won't do; what, no one but my Wife to satisfy your Goatish appetite: Cudslid a-vaunt, or I'll swinge you.

Court. Oh intollerable impertinence! Rascal, explain thy self, or I'll beat thy brains out.

T. Eff.

T. Eff. If you can Sir, thanks to your Worship, my Noddle's hardned and too well guarded with your present you have bestow'd upon me——you conceive me.

Court. Still more misterious; Sirrah, leave off your riddling.

T. Eff. This is one of the impudent'st Whore-masters I ever knew: he is not content to Cuckold me, but would force me to confess and declare my self one. Had I courage enough, I would chastise him till he were impotent.

Court. I'm on a wrack——By all that's good, tell me how you came by that Picture *(offers to draw.*

T. Eff. Well I must tell him; there's no remedy: How I came by it Sir? why I took it from my Wife; you might have sav'd me this labour, for you knew it well enough Sir; but I'll, I'll——but I say no more.

Court. Damnation! is the your Wife, from whom you had this Picture, said you?

T. Eff. She my Wife Sir? what now? yes Sir, I suppose she is, for I believe I am married to her; but I'll swear I have layen with her, and so have you to, a pox on your picture for it.

Court. Thou her Husband! you lye you Dog, it cannot, must not, shall not be.

T. Eff. I wish it cou'd not, then it shou'd not have been: but may that Parson that Married us, be for ever chous'd of his Tyths, his Wife Cuckold him as mine does me; may the Children be like the Fathers that got 'em, and his House become the Nursery of *Whetstone*-Whores, and *Speering*-Bullies: But for your part, since you are so brisk Sir, the Court of Arches shall tame both yours and my Wifes courage, for to shame ye both, the world shall know how you have abus'd an honest Trades-man, and one that has borne all Offices in his Parish: But first I'll to her Relations, and let them know her Virtue; then I'll sue out a Divorse, turn her out of doors, and after be fashionable, and keep a *Mis cum privilegio.*

Exit.

Manet Courtly.

Court. He's gone; is this thing then her Husband? Is this th'effect of your repeated Love,
When before Heav'n you Vow'd a Constancy:

Un-

Ungrateful Fair! believing I, thought Heav'n
Might sooner err than thee.

Curst be the time I ever saw thy Charms,

And may thy quiet with thy Beauty fade.

What shall I do, and whether shall I go

To ease the tortures of my troubled soul?

—Ah *Theodocia*, if thy faithless Tongue

Had never sworn to keep those sacred Vows,

Which (to thy shame) are in Heav'n Recorded;

Yet such an abject thing worthy your scorn,

Might have preserv'd

My Interest and thy Vows intire:

But I too late thy Sexes frailty find

In thee; Your Virtues like your Beauties fade,

And though all Heav'n does in your forms appear,

Yet Falshood, Treachery, and all that's ill,

Dwell in your souls and hearts: Oh——

Enter Mrs. Effence.

Mrs. Effence. This peremptory Fellow has plaid me a slippery trick, but if I catch him, I'll make him an example for domineering Husbands: Ha! bless me! the } *Courtly seems*
Gentleman I think will swoond, he looks } *not well.*
so pale.

Court. At length my griefs have gain'd the Victory,
My spirits yield to the resistless force
Of Injuries undeserv'd.

Mrs. Eff. Sweet Sir, how do you, you seem not well? (a comely person) pray be pleas'd to repose your self in my poor House, both it and Owner are at your Devoire, I swear.

Court. I'll accept her kindness till I recover, *(aside.*

Madam, I embrace your Charity,

I must confess I'm indispos'd at present;

Something I'll do to right my Injuries.

Madam, you will excuse my boldness. *(aside.*

Mrs. Eff. You honour me with your boldness Sir; and I assure you Sir, you cannot be more bold than welcome to your Servant Sir. Pray give me your hand Sir: Poor heart, 'tis a fit o'th'Spleen without question, 'tis so violent! and he presses my hand so hard. *(Exeunt.*

Scene

SCENE the Fourth. Scene, *Monylove's House.*

Enter Theodocia and Mrs. Monylove.

Theo. Since Madam, my Father has resign'd his power to you, I question not your goodness will command what I shall readily obey.

Mrs. M. Daughter, I cannot blame your hard construction of a Fathers rigour; and now, to be just to him, I shou'd urge what he already has; (Oh, I faint) but since your aversion to young *Loveal's* such, I will not only propound, but effect a match which may prove beneficial to you, if wisely you comply.

Theo. Ha, what means she? (aside.

Mrs. M. You know the power I have over your Father.

Theo. Thanks to his Dotage. (aside.

Mrs. M. Wisely then embrace the man I offer, 'tis my Brother, to day he will be here; and did not my indisposition force me out of Town, I shou'd have rejoyc'd to have seen him: However, in my absence I'de have you treat him, not as a Stranger, but as one who is to be your Husband: consider, and let me know what you resolve.

Theo. Fortune! th'ast made me now compleatly wretched; if I reject the man my Father offers, the world will censure me for being disobedient: and if I refuse the man that she propounds, her interest with my Father, is so great, what is't she will not do to blast my fame, and to my Father aggravate my fault? and if with either I comply, my Bliss and Love in *Courtly*, I must lose: what shall I do? I'll seemingly consent to what she has propos'd, and by that means gain time to frustrate what they both design. It shall be so; Madam, your kindness has prevail'd; and tho' I never saw the person you have nam'd; yet hitherto, so obliging you have been, that readily I yield to your desires.

Mrs. M. 'Tis well resolv'd; and *Theo.* rest satisfied, he has the accomplishments of a Gentle-man, his humours gay, but that will be a good mixture with your Gravity. Daughter, farewell, perform your promise and be happy.

Mrs. M. Kisses *Theo.* then *Exit.*

Theo. Madam, may your intended Journey prove prosperous, and procure your health. Yes, I will keep my

promise, but it shall be to *Courtsly*; when I prove false to Love, may all things prosper that may make me wretched.

*Not Fathers Threats, nor Mothers subtlest Art,
Shall change my Love, or disengage my heart.* Exit.

The end of the Second Act.

ACT the Third: Scene the First.

Scene, *Covent-Garden.*

Tom Effence, Solus.

I Have been with her Cousin, and to give the Devil his due, his advice was none of the worst; 'tis possible I may be in the wrong, and my Wife honest, notwithstanding what has past; and tho this Picture may startle me, yet it does not convince me: why then *Thomas Mum*, least thy Neighbours shou'd conclude what thou doest } *Pulls out a*
but suspect, let me see where am I to go? to my } *Table-book.*
Lady—*Hum* in *Pall-mall*; to Madam *Hum*, one of the Maids of Honour; to Madam—*Hum*—in *Covent-Garden*.—Agad 'tis a plaguey troublesome thing to be handsome and gentile, for the Women are ready to pull a Man a pieces that is well accomplisht. I was forc't to Marry, to be rid of these fond souls; but a pox on't 'twont do, they have the spawn of the Serpent in 'em, and will be tempting frailties which hitherto I have resisted: But if my Wife proves a down right Wife, I'll be merciful to my languishing fits;—ha—who comes here? Enter *Courtsly Mrs. Effence.*
Bles's me! the very Rogue, whose Picture I have, Courting my Wife—suspicion avaunt—honest *Tom*, that thou art a Cuckold is too evident.

Mrs. Eff. If you will go, Sir oblige me; pray do, by accepting this Bottle of water of my own Distilling, Sir; that if your distemper shou'd return, the cure may be perfected by my means.

Court. Oh the Impertinence of Women-kind! Madam, your obligations are beyond expression great.

T. Eff. Ha! She presents him too; now the pox upon him, for the Devil has pleas'd her.

Mrs.

Mrs. Eff. But shou'd it relaps indeed—

Court. No danger of that I assure you—Madam, your Servant. *(offers to go.)*

Mrs. Eff. I was yours before Sir; but Sir, you remember how to take the Cordial.

Court. Oh yes Madam, as you applyed it to me; your Servant. *(offers to go.)*

T. Eff. A pox of her Application; I fear you have applyed something too—

Mrs. Eff. Very right Sir; adieu good Sir, may Heav'n restore and preserve your health—but, a word Sir, when your Bottle is out, pray let me see you Sir, and it shall be replenished with the same: my name is Dorothy Essence, ~~is~~ true, my Husband is somewhat whimsical, but you'll find a civil person of me Sir.

Court. Oh Mrs. Essence, your Servant—'tis the conceitest Creature I e're met with. *(aside)* Mrs. Eff. Exit.

T. Eff. So, so, they are parted—he comes this way; I'll look big upon him, perhaps that may terrifie him.

T. Eff. *goes by* Courtly, and looks big on him.

Court. Ha! that curst Fellow here agen? how my heart rises at the sight of him—what a hard Law is Duty to old Age; he cou'd not sure be of Theodocia's choyce, but she was forc't to obey her Fathers power. *(aside.)*

Oh too, too happy man, to have a Wife so fair and beautiful!

(to T. Eff.)

(As he goes out, Enters Theo. He looks frowning on her.) Exit

T. Eff. Hye day, what means he?

Theo. It is he; but why this strangeness, and his return'd conceild from me. Ah Courtly, my excessive Love wou'd prompt me to embrace a Jealousie of what I wou'd not willingly believe; that thou art false.

T. Eff. Oh too, too happy man, to have a Wife so fair and beautiful! what shou'd he mean by this—oh too soon I understand the Rogue; now he has Cuckold me, he basely triumphs.

Theo. Perhaps I may learn something of this Fellow, for I hear he is excellent for intelligence of Love-intrigues, and has brought as many Couples together, as any Parson about Town, but not so lawfully.—Mr. Essence, are you acquainted with the person that but now left you? E 2 T.

T. Eff. Ah Mrs. *Theodocia*, I always had a respect for you, and have often commended you to the high-flown rich Blades with Coaches, that are my Customers, how good a Wife you'd make; and is this my reward, do you flout me in misery?

Theo. Not I; but tell me the cause of your affliction?

T. Eff. Oh the greatest under Heaven, next to bad Trade; but my Wifes Occupation is good, a pox on her Customers, for Mrs. *Theo.* here stands the model of a compleat wretched Husband——that Fellow who went from hence but now.

Theo. What of him Sir?

T. Eff. What of him Sir? he has Rob'd me.

Theo. How? that Gentleman?

T. Eff. That Rogue; he has Feloniously stolen the precious Jewel of my life; my Rep, in fine, he has Cuckold me; now 'tis out, my heart is somewhat eas'd.

Theo. It is impossible; can *Courtly* be so base?

T. Eff. Oh 'tis too true, these eyes, but now, were witnesses of his and my Wifes familiarity: to conclude, he lyes with my Wife; now you have the sorrowful truth of my Woe.

Theo. All my prophetick fears were but too true,
And *Courtley's* treacheries too evident:
Me-thoughts his looks, as he past by, betray'd
An inward guilt.

If thou art False, where shall I find one Just?
For, with such seeming Honesty, he swore,
And with such Imprecations on himself,
If in the least he Violated Love,
Or broke his Vows; those Vows he made to me,
I durst to have sworn, he really design'd
That Constancy he Vow'd:
But b'ind by my Love, I find too late,
He's like the rest of the perfidious Race,
And made these Vows t'entrap my Innocence.

T. Eff. Sweet Mrs. *Theo*, thou Queen of Diamonds, moderate thy passion: Your Charity to me is too great, and since so cordially you espouse my afflictions, I'm griev'd that you are not a man; if you were, I shou'd have entreated the favour of you, that you wou'd have cudgeld him
for

for my sake; but seeing that cannot be, I'll drown myself
in Tears, and lay my death to his charge; oh, oh, oh. (*crys.*)

Theo. Oh that I were a man, I'd soon redress

My wrongs:

His Life thou'd pay the forfeit of his Vows,

And he should fall a Victim to my rage.

T. Eff. Good Saint!

Theo. But oh I rave;

For *Courtley's* generous soul cou'd ne're admit

A thought so base to harbour in his breast,

Much less wou'd execute so vile an act;

Heaven's! 'tis impossible! *Courtly* false? it cannot be.

T. Eff. O yes, Madam; yes, too true he's false; but
how shall we curb his Leachery?

Theo. Ah Traitor! double-hearted faithless man!

T. Eff. Blest Angel!

Theo. Sure Hell it self has not a torment equal to thy
Crime.

T. Eff. Sweet soul!

Theo. To wrong a person never injur'd thee—

T. Eff. Never I, I'll take my death on't, not so much
as in the sale of a pair of *Jessamy-Gloves*, a twelve-penny
glass of *Essence*, or six-penny pot of *Jessamy-butter*.

Theo. But my complaints are vain;
I'll tear this Viper from my breast, and then
Study a just Revenge to scourge his soul,
For Violations done to sacred Love!

(*Exit.*)

T. Eff. She's gone! Heav'n's bless her! how cordially she
took my part, pretty Creature! and what she intends to do,
Heav'n knows, for the talk of Revenge—Fie *Thomas*, why
so slow to correct this Fellow's lewdness towards thee? for
shame do something, let not a Woman out-strip thee in
prowess, in thy own cause too?—well—for *Whetstone* to
thy Vallour, thou sha't to th' Tavern, one pint of Sack, us'd
to make thee as huffing as a blustering Bully, half Drunk in
an Ordinary, or as Valiant and quarrellsome as a Constable
heroically Drunk, surrounded with his rusty Bilboe. (*Exit.*)

SCENE the Second, *Luce* Soli. Mon. House.

This Letter which I have contriv'd, I hope
Will set a period to base *Lovealls* Treachery:

If not, I'll let fair *Theodocia* know
 My wrong, and th'important secret of my shame
 Declares; then some way we'll contrive
 To right my Injuries, and redress her own;

Enter Theodocia.

Theo. Ah *Luce*, at last I've overcome my Love,
 For *Courtly* is become the worst of men;
 Imagine all that's base, the foulest acts,
 The thoughts of wicked men could e're invent,
 In *Courtly* they are all compris'd;
 Such things I've seen wou'd breed astonishment:
 That false delewding man is now in Town;
 And stead of keeping his past Vows to me,
 Rejects and slights em, wantonly sins
 In the embraces of a Treacherous Wife.

Luce. You amaze me Madam! *Courtly* false?

Theo. As Hell—but for Revenge,
 I'll to my Father's power resign my self;
 And tho I hate the man he has propos'd,
 Yet I'll comply, and *Lovealls* flame admit.

Luce. Heaven's, but that must not be——
 Oh do not rashly give your self away;
 For Madam, Marriage is the great concern
 Of our whole lives; according as we choose,
 We are either blest or wretched in this World.

Theo. But I'm resolv'd, since *Courtly's* false,
 And tho I look on both with equal hate,
 Yet him I will reject whose Love was counterfeit;
 But *Lovealls* passion for me may be true.

Luce. *Loveall*? the guiltiest of all man-kind;
 Those crimes you'd lay on *Courtly*, are his due,
 And I'm no stranger to his Perjuries.

Theo. Is he false too? Ah unhappy Maid!
 Fortune has destin'd thee not one true Lover.
 Say what thou knowest, then we'll consult some way
 How to preserve my Honour and Obedience.

Luce. Madam, here comes your Father.

Theo. Oh torment of my soul!

Enter Old Men. Stanly, Mrs. Mon. and Betty in Mens Cloaths.

Old M. Look you Sir, there's my Daughter—*The. re-*
 ceive

ceive your Uncle with respect.

(*they salute Theo.*)

Mrs. M. As gad sa'me, y'are the extravagantst English Beauty I e're met with, the notoriousst pretty Devil! ha! what charming features! *bon mein!* surprizing graces, and divine harmony of Limbs are here! By my hands, Old man, thou wert inspir'd when you Begot her, she's a very Cherubin!

Old M. Ha, ha, he; as I say, 'tis the pleasantest Wag, and I'll stand to't, his Sisters humour right, when she's pleas'd.

Theo. Luce, observe that face, it is extreamly like my Mothers, the voyce too not unlike.

Luce. Upon my life, it is her self Madam; I'll take the little Attendant aside and fist him.

Mrs. M. And how, and how like you my Garniture, is it not Jauntie Madam, ha?

(*Luce and Betty Exeunt.*)

I am come reaking hot out of the Academy of Dresses; this Suit was made by the King of France's own Taylor; let me see e're a Garlick-eating mangy-fisted English Rascal, make the like: Ah with what an extravagant pleasure and delight does this trimming fit! ah how notoriously excellent is the shape displayed—this Ribbon—a rare dye! French yellow, emblem of Jealousie, and denotes excessive love and passion; the only colour I value my self on; for Females understand by that my mind and flame; and dye with desire of my acquaintance; but for variety, I have a Suit of Sky for Constancy; sometimes Pink for Modesty, to wear in such Company as I shall visit that day; for by my hands, little Devil, a Suit of Ribbon well suited with the address we men make to your Sex, is half our Courtship, which is a secret of my own discovery.

Theo. 'Tis fit you keep it so Sir, for the rarity—what a strange thing is a Travell'd Fop?

(*aside.*)

Mrs. M. How now soul! *ala mort!* come, come, lay aside this reservedness; pox on the English breeding; by my hands it makes all the Females Fools: Ah, how fort obligant the *Mademoisels* are at Paris; there, a Married Woman in her Husbands presence, will clip, embrace, and kiss a man she fancies, the first time she sees him.

Theo. And lye with him behind her Husbands back.

Mrs. M. Moriblen, a damn'd English censure; by my hands

hands, I believe, that to one extravagantly honest here, there are twenty at *Paris*; our *London* Devils are all Hypocrites; for at that moment they seem most coy, they privately are contriving how to enjoy the person they seem to slight——
 Brother *Tim*. if ever you will have your Daughter respected and celebrated for a modish person, let her frequent Masquerades, visit Play-houses *in cognito*, receive Treats, converse with the refined travelled Wits; make Balls speak French, and be obliging to the modish Gallants.

Old *M*. Yes, and have her made a Miss, got with Child, and be turn'd on my hands; no, good Brother, you must excuse me for that absurd, absurd, I'll stand to't.

Mrs. M. *Ferneè* rank English still—a man cannot make address on Gallantrie, nor a Woman be Complefant, but Impotence will censure——But little soul, my Sisters Character of thee has over-come me, and the blind god at last has got the Conquest——By my hands I love you, and the rather, because I find 'tis not for want of wit, but breeding; that makes you defective, when addresse is made to you; therefore dear Devil, say, shall I sink or swim?

Theo. According to your skill Sir——but sure so gay, so brisk, refin'd a Travell'd Wit as you, can ne're be at leisure to Love, nor so serious as to make Addresses.

Mrs. M. Then you expect I shou'd have Courted you in a Romantick stile; and whine, as if Sentence of damnation had past upon me; hang that dull, common-place way of making Love—but if Swearing will confirm you; by those Twinkling Eyes, Cherry Lips, Alabaster Neck, Painting Fountains of delight; and by all the clouded Beauties of your person, which by Imagination I am convinc'd are excellent, I swear I never Lov'd before, but now am desperate; yet if you slight it, I'll never Love again——
 (Sing) *Let Fortune and Phillis frown if they please, I'll no more on their Deities call, and so forth*——Is not this better than your whining: *Oh Love, if e're thou't ease a heart which owns thy power Divine*——Damnè such effminacy——then pretty Rogue, be wise, and meet my Love; by this kiss thou shalt——(offers to kiss her—she shoves *Mrs. M*. away. oh insupportable English incivility. *She sings*

*Sweet Philida, be not so Coy, If the Lover you like, does offer
I love not to ravish a Kiss: To give you the proofs of his flame,
Your peevishness will but destroy And you fondly reject his kind proffer,
The hopes of enjoying true Bliss. Too late your own folly you'll blame.
Then yield to what e're he desires,
And slight not his Critical Love;
With your vigorous Lover retire,
You'll quickly the pleasure approve.*

Old M. 'Tis a merry Grigg; but Sir, is this his constant
humour? so Stan.

Stan. Ever Sir; this Gayeity has left many bleeding
hearts in France; he ne're encounter'd with a Female yet, but
he came off Victorious.

Old M. Say you so Sir? a notable Wagg, I'll stand to't.

Stan. But your Daughter only, as her Beauties due, has
gain'd the Victory; for ever since he receiv'd your Ladys
Letter, he has been Charm'd, so that his Nights have been
but one continued Dream of her.

Old M. I am sorry I must cross his dream, for my Daugh-
ter was promis'd to another, before my Wife acquainted me
of her Brother's Fortune, by his Uncles death.

Stan. How Sir, is she engag'd to another?

Old M. As I say, she is Sir, to a man of a fair Estate,
ingenious, and handsome enough for a Husband.

Stan. By all means break it off Sir, or you must expect
some fatal consequence, for he's so truly Valiant, he'll ne're
permit a Rival to enjoy the Beauty he admires.

Old M. I cannot help it Sir, 'tis now too late, for I'll
stand to't; the Writings of Agreement for settlement of
Joynture are drawn up, and to morrow they and my Daugh-
ter are to be Sign'd, Seal'd, and delivered, *and so forth.*

Mrs. M. I'll soon remove that scruple little Rogue. [*so The.*
Doeft hear old *Oedipus*, Father and Brother together, she
questions my Virtue and Modesty; this comes, old *Priam*, of
bringing up your Daughter in dull Security and Ignorance.

Old M. But Sir, you are Virtuous?

Mrs. M. And had my Pusillage as they phrase it?

Old M. Yes little one.

Mrs. M. A Traveller, and bring home his Maiden-head I
damn'd Absurdity? why 'twas the only Commodity my Fa-
ther

ther sent me over to Trade with ; had I not bartard it away, 'twou'd have grown musty on my hands : no, no, (thank Heav'n) this is a more knowing trading Age, than to keep such druggs on our hands ; I exchang'd that thing with the Air : My *Callis-Host's* Neece had that Foolery, she was pretty and deserv'd it : I'll beget no Fool ; I, there are too many in the world already.

Old M. But if you are as you say, you may beget Sooterkins or scab'd-Cookcoes, I'll stand to't.

Mrs. M. By my hands, sound as a Bell, both in Purse and Person : See, see, I have Commendams of both——

[Gives one Paper to Old M. and another to Theo.]

Now Fortune be propitious——Stanly, What think you of my design?——

Stan. Well, hitherto ; if you are not discover'd, as yet I find no signs they know you.

Old M. Hum——What's here ? (he Reads) *A particular of Sir Humfry Hordwell's Estate, late Deceased, and now Descended to his Nephew Christopher Careless, Esq;*——the Sum total 4000 l. per annum——As I say, a fair Estate, but he's wild, and I have past my word already, otherwise my Daughter shou'd have had him. [aside.]

Theo. How's this ? A particular of all the Claps Squire *Careless* has had since the Age of fifteen, and the several places he got them, with the Catalogue of the Drs. names that Cured him ; as likewise an account of all he has layen with to this present time ? This is the newest and impudentest way of Courtship I ever knew or heard of yet. [She Laughs]

Mrs. M. What Laugh you at, little Devil ? that shews my Constitution true Steel——by my hands it does.

Theo. Without question Sir, and 'twou'd be a rudeness unpardonable, shou'd I suspect you otherwise, when a whole Colledge of Physitians have certified your health ; yet I shou'd be loath to venture on so desperate a Lover as you pretend to have been, for fear he shou'd not make the Song good of a *Healthful young vigorous Lover*, and so forth.

Mrs. M. By my hands, I'll confirm what they have writ——

(Mrs. Mon. Sings, Dances, and pulls Theo. about.)

Old M. I'll stand to't, Brother, y'are the merryest man——But come Brother, as I say, you and your Friend here shall take a hard Lodging with me ; I have one Bed to spare ; ye are us'd to lye together I hope ?

Mrs.

Mrs. *M.* Now this Old Fool will force me to Cuckold him, meerly out of Covetousness, that he will not foul a pair of Sheets extraordinary,——Yes, yes, Brother, Travellers always snore together.

Old *M.* Please you to walk in to Supper—and then I'll show you your Chamber——

Stan. What an old Dotard's this; now will he be Pimp to his own Wife, for I'll make good use of my time, and will not be repuls'd as before (*aside*): Madam your humble Servant.

Mrs. *M.* Little one, give me thy hand; as gad sa'me good flesh, and of a luscious Constitution: I find I shall be desperately in Love; Adieu, my Soul, Adieu: But dost hear, be more compleasant and agreeable the next time we meet.

Sings, *Sweet Philida, be not so coy, I love not to ravish a Kiss.*

Old *M. Theo.* follow us.

Old M. Mrs. M. Stan. Exeunt.

Manet Theodočia.

Theo. What cursed Ascendant had I at my Birth,
That thus I'me teas'd by th'dro's of all Man-kind:
Not one that's generous design'd for me;
Heav'n! take my Life, or rid me of these Plagues.
Luce, Prithee what news?

Enter Luce with a Letter.

Luce. Fear nothing Madam, for I have discover'd enough to break off this proposal; for it is, as I suspected, your Mother-in-Law is the brisk travell'd Blade; but what she designs, as yet I cannot learn; but *Betty* promises a discovery. Madam, here's a Letter in a Womans hand, which I found in the Packet that was left here for Mr. *Loveall*, perhaps this may confirm what I have formerly told you of that false man.

Theo. Let me see it—I'll read it. (*Opens, and reads.*

My Dearest,

Your absence, my indisposition, together with the ill news of your design of Marrying in London, have reduced me to such weakness, I cannot long expect to live, nor indeed do I wish for life, if mauer all your Protestations before Heav'n, and those fatal pledges of our Loves, our Children, you at last prove false, yet Heav'n one day may revenge my wrongs: I am sure some Friends, who (did they know the affronts) wou'd soon redress me,

but I hope there will be no need of such extremity; and that your generosity will prompt you to be just to her, who is in sight of Heaven,

Stamford.

Your Lawful Wife,

Eliz. Manly, otherwise Loveall.

Theo. Base Villain.

Enter Loveall and Lau.

Lu. He comes Madam, now let him know your just resentment of his wickedness.

Lov. Madam, such strange attractive influences y'are Mistress of, I cannot live one moment from your sight; oh wrack me not with torturing delay, but kindly say you will comply with Love, and then my happiness will be complete.

Theo. Your strain's too Courtly Sir, to gain belief; therefore your pardon, if I suspend Credit of them for a time—but Sir, your Man left Letters for you with my Maid, and I concluding so deserving a Person as your self, must in your Life, have some Intreigues of Love, open'd one Letter writ in a Womans hand; you'll pardon Sir the rudeness which was the effect of Jealousie.

Lov. That Jealousie was kind, since it often proves the effect of Love; and I am so free from base unworthy acts, that what you term a Rudeness, I esteem an Honour, since I'm assur'd you will find nothing there which can prove prejudicial to my Love, or gain your disesteem.

Theo. Your Generosity Sir is questionless, and this has so confirm'd what in your praise I've heard, that when you have read it, you soon will understand what I intend.

Lov. What can she mean by this! let me see.

[Reads to himself.]

Lau. to *Lu.* Well Mrs. Sweet lips, what comfort do you give a passionate Lover?

Lu. The same as formerly, I'll stand to my Agreement; if your Master and my Mistress make it a Match, I am yours; if not, your Servant.

Lau. But suppose a man shou'd be too far gone for ever recovering, what then? I hope if thou wilt not commit Matrimony, thou'lt show good natur'd, and be civil upon occasion?

Lu. Yes,

Lu. Yes, with a Cudgel to coole courage, or with a Hal-ter to end your pain.

Lau. Pretty Courtship, 'tis by my troth, and you are wondrous civil.

The. Now Sir, you guess what I design, false and perfidious as you are.

Enter Old Mon. and stands behind Theo.

What wickedness there is in man!

To break those Sacred Vows you made to Heav'n,

And to betray poor Innocence to misery.

But now thy Treacheries I know, never expect

I shall comply, and so partake the guilt;

No, you shall never see me more.

Old M. How, how's this? never see you more: that's fine y'faith! absurd, absurd, I'll stand to't; but Minks, he shall both see and feel you too e're I have done; are you agen relapst into your former disobedience? I say comply, or—

Lov. I must confess, were th'accusation true, and I of what this Lady charges me, were guilty, her anger then were just, and death my desert: Read Sir the horrid'st Villany that ever was invented, and inconsistent Sir with one that's tender of his Honour.

Luce. Now Squire, what becomes of your Knight Errant, and your hopes?

Lau. Why pretty Kins, I'll not break my heart for thee; but if I lose thee, 'tis but once singing *Fortune my Foe*, and twice being drunk will set thee a float out of my heart, and then farewell to your Ladyship.

Old M. Reads—former protestations—hum, fatal pledges of our Loves—(a pretty phrase for Bastards) crimes—hum—affront—hum—but your generosity—hum—*Eliz. Manly*, otherwise *Loveall*—absurd, absurd, I'll stand to't, shou'd this be true: I'll try him.

Lov. Now Sir, is't possible that a man of Honour can be guilty of so vile an Act?

Old M. Lay aside your Honour Sir, and give me leave, as I say; as you hope to be sav'd, do not you know this *Eliz. Manly*? Ha! Answer to that, Answer to that.

Lov. Not I, by Heav'n Sir.

Old M. But that's not the question; as you hope to be Saved, have you no Bastards? Answer to me that Sir. *Lov.*

Lev. Not any Sir, upon my Honour—that you shall know of; for my Widdow, for ought I know, may be forward with my effects of kindness by this time. *[aside.*

This Sir, is some Rivals plot to undermine my Bliss with this fair Lady: Ah Madam, let not such trivial Acts debar me of that happiness I prize above my Life; but if your breast has entertain'd another's Love (pardon the suspicion grounded on your concern for a thing as false as Heav'n is true) I will resign my Life rather than be the Author of your discontent:

Old *M.* Away, away Sir, with these Complements, and prepare to take her for your Wife—*Theo.* rest satisfied that I am convinc'd 'tis false; some trick on my life of your old Lovers; but I'll marr his design: Come, ask his Pardon for that foul suspicion you had of him.

Theo. How Sir?

Old *M.* I say, provoke me not, but beg his pardon without more delay.

Lev. By no means Sir, her suspicion was kind, and warranted by this,——and I am satisfied.

Old *M.* But by your favour Sir, I am not, and I'll have it so——acknowledge your fault Baggage, or I'll stand to't: I'll——

Theo. I must comply——Sir, in Obedience to a Father's power, I acknowledg my unjust suspicion——(that you were Virtuous) and I shall be careful hereafter how I credit Reports that may be prejudicial to your Honour——(to which thou art a Stranger)——your Servant Sir, and expect an entertainment suitable (to your perjuries)——for here I Vow, henceforth to study a Revenge on the Promoters (of your Love to me)——

Theo. and *Luce*, *Exeunt.*

Old *M.* So, so, now 'tis as it should be; be sure Sir to get the Writings ready against morning; in the interim I'll endeavour to keep her in this humour she is now in, lest the Weather-cock of her Female-noddle rear to a colder point. *(Exit.)*

Lev. 'Tis in the coldest point already, full North to my desires.

Lau. Say you so, then I'll after my little Pyrate, and try to win her on our side. *(aside.)* *Exit.*

Lev. That Letter startled me, when I saw 'twas Dated from

from *Stamford*; I suspected my kind Widdow had found out my Amour, and had sent this to forbid the Baner—I was a Rogue to serve her so, when she out of Charity entertain'd and Cloath'd me when I was stript and rob'd, to top a false contract and name upon her; but my Love, for variety, must excuse that fault; and I thank Heav'n I have weather'd all storms, and doubt not but to attain my ends; for I Love *Theodocia* to that excess, enjoy her I must, Married, or Unmarried.

*If fairly with my Love (he not complies,
By stratagem her Virtue I'll surprize.*

Exit.

The end of the Third Act.

ACT the Fourth.

Scene, the first, *Theo.* Chamber.

Theo. and Luce.

Theo. **Y**Our injuries (kind Friend) shall be redress'd; my Father shall not force me to embrace a man that values not his Vows nor Honour.

Luce. But Madam, your happiness depends upon Obedience; you for your safety must comply with a Father's power; yet I could wish (so well I love him) that it could be some way hindred.

Theo. What shall we do? this is the fatal day, and every minute I expect my Father.

Old M. Within—Rise Daughter, rise.

Enter Old M. after him Betty.

Theo. And I already hear his fatal voyce.

Old M. 'Tis well, make hast; I'll stand to't, the Bridegroom will be here before y'are ready—Ha Youngster, with whom wou'd you speak so early, Ha?

(spies Betty.

Betty. Now Wit assist me—

(aside.

(Feels in her Pocket, pulls out a Song.

My Master Sir, has sent me to know how Madam *Theo.* does this morning, and presents her with the effects of his Love, in a Song which he writ last Night before he went to Bed.

Old M.

Old *M.* He is very quick: *I* must Marry her off, or this Travell'd-Brother of mine will shew me an Out-landish trick, and Marry her before *I* have enquir'd of his Estate. (*aside.* Let me see his Scribling—this is such a buzzing crambo Age, that the young Fops account it a accomplishment to be thought beggarly rhymeing Fools, I'll stand to't. (*aside.*

Luce to *Theo.* What an unluckly accident was this, without question *Betty* comes with Intelligence.

Old *M.* Hum, pretty Childish silly stuff;—can you sing it Little one?

Betty. Yes Sir, my Master made it to one of the new Tunes he heard in an Opera at *Paris.* *Betty Sings.*

*Ah Sacred Boy desist, for I
Comply with your resistless Art;
Your Arrows with such vigour flye,
Already they've inflam'd my heart.*

*I will no more despise your power,
But thus submissively obey;
Yet by your favour, 'twas not your,
But Celia's Victory to day.*

*For had she Vaild that charming face,
And you your keenest Dart had shot;
Yours had been the just disgrace,
And I'd obtain'd the Victors Lot.*

*Then not your Power, but Chance admire,
In having such a Friend as she,
Who lent you rays t'increase my fire,
And thus made you a Deity.*

Old *M.* Verry pretty; and as I say, your Master can be serious for all his jollity, Young man.

Betty. My Master earnestly desires to speak with you Sir.

Old *M.* I am going to him, for *I* have receiv'd a Letter for him from my Wife—Daughter make hast and put on your Trinkets, for *I* expect your Bride-groom every minute. (*Exit.*

Betty. Thanks to my invention Madam, *I* have shifted him—this Song was presented me by our Butler, who procur'd it made by a mercenary Scribler of the Town, for a fit of Drunkenness, gratis. *Luce.*

Luce. *Betty*, have you found out your Mistresses design yet?

Betty. I have,—and Madam, by what I have learnt, I understand your Maiden-head is short-liv'd, but I having compassion for your Virtue, and finding my Mistress, your Mother-in-Law none of the Honestest, am resolv'd, if possible, to rescue you from ruine—for the Blade that came with her is the person whom she designs to be yours; but not only yours I'll assure you, for my Virtuous Lady lay with him to Night.

Thea. Unheard-of wickedness!—But which way shall we frustrate their design?

Betty. Troth Madam, show 'em a fair pair of heels, for she knows you care not for *Loveall*, so that they conclude it easie to win the old Man to their side, and force you to accept of her Love, as she personates her own Brother; and if so far she prospers, her Gallant is to be shuffled into your hand when the Marriage is design'd, and by that means chouse both my old Master and your self.

Luce. Cunningly contriv'd—yet, for all this, I doubt not but to counterplot both her and *Loveall* too—but for better security, we must be gone from this place.

Betty. Make hast then and avoyd the Net; and that you may have time for your escape, I'll in, and hold my Mistress in discourse; and let me know where you intend to be, and I'll send word what passes at home.

Luce. We'll be at *Essence's*, I have some interest with his Wife, till we have an opportunity to perfect your happiness.

Thea. Thou best example of true Friendship. [*Ex. severally.*]

Malfey's Chamber. SCENE the Second: Scene a Chamber in Old *M.* House.

Stanly dressing himself. *Mrs. Mon.* dressing her self at a Table, have Night-cloaths on her head, in her half Shirt, and her Breeches on.

A Letter for Mrs. Monylove.

Mrs. M. Your Raptures are too violent to last—and know Sir, I had not yielded now, had not my Old Man warranted, or rather justified my proceeedure, for his Penuriousness I cou'd no other way requite, and he was instrumental to his being a Cuckold, for laying two so full of Love together.

Stan. 'Tis *Theodocia*, whom I confess next to your self I love, but chiefly for her money; for Madam, you are the sole Commandress of my heart; and that I may hereafter be serviceable to both, so warily I will proceed with her, that she shall only raise an Appetite, which vigorously I'll lay with you.

Mrs. M. Soft Sir, you'll find your stock little enough for her; and for my part; if I cannot hold out, my Dotards Angels shall turn Prouers at my Command; for I must confess the truth of the Song you gave me, which says——

Mrs. M. Sings.

*Who complys with gay Youth, does prudently choose;
She that yields to old Age, does her passion abuse:
She may languish and sigh, but in vain it will prove;
Age, dalls the brisk flames, and slackens hot Love:
He may kindle a fire, but cannot supply;
So, for want of Loves fuel, her passion must dye.
But Youth that's full fraught with Love and desire,
Creates a true flame, and supplies the blest fire:
He'll rally, renew it, and with vigour maintain
What dosage endeavours to do, but in vain.
Then give me a Gallant; when I'm yoked to old Age,
What the gray-head does raise, his Youth shall assuage.*

Enter Betty.

Mrs. M. Betty, what news have you learnt this morning?

Betty. Madam, my Master is resolv'd on the Match between *Mrs. Theo.* and *Mr. Loveall*, notwithstanding the Letter *Luce* discovered yesterday, for he has sent for *Mr. Loveall* this morning; but *Luce* has been before-hand, and sent *Mr. Loveall* word that *Mrs. Theo.* will meet him at *Essence* the Milliners, on purpose to prevent his meeting with my Master's message, and so hinder his coming hither.

Mrs. M. That was well done——but upon what account is *Luce* so Zealous in breaking off this Match?

Stan. I cannot apprehend the meaning; however, if by her means I gain *Theodocia*, she shall not want reward.

Enter Old Mon.

Old M. I must hold this Youngster in talk till my Daughter is Married to *Loveall*; or I'll stand to't, this young Snipper-snapper will, I fear, forbid the banes. Ha——

Ha——what do I see? my Wife dressing her self——'tis too true——absurd, I'll stand to't.

Mrs. M. Cuds'tid, my Husband! what shall we do? all our designs are ruin'd if he discovers me——

Stan. Let me alone, I'll bring you off, ne're fear it.

Old M. Curse on my Dorage; too late I find my folly in Marrying a young Wife, I cou'd expect no less in reason, than to be a Cuckold——

Wife! what subtle damn'd Devil was it put you on this design, to make me the promoter of my own shame?——but Sir, for your part, I'll stand to't, I'll swinge you. (to Stan.

Stan. (Laughs). But Sir, do you in earnest conclude my Bed-fellow to be your Wife?

Old M. A rat on you——Are my Eyes my own Sir?

Stan. No Sir; if you suspect my Friend for a Woman, if he were not, all thy Wealth shou'd not purchase her from my Embraces——here is a Face indeed, as charming as the notedst Female Beauty; but Nature mistook in moulding every part, forgetting she had made a *Venus*-face, plac'd it on an *Adam's* Body.

Old M. As I say, if this be true, 'tis wonderful! and indeed, I have often heard my Wife say, that she and her Brother were so alike, (being Twins,) that one cou'd hardly be known from the other. (aside.

Mrs. M. Brother, I thought I shou'd surprize you; by my hands, thou art the most credulous man I ever met with——but to convince thee of thy Error——Jack, prithee tell him what sport we have had at *Paris* in Masquerade.

Stan. Yes Faith, my Friend and I have liv'd at least three months upon the Pistols he has had clapt in his hand at *Carnival-time*, when he went disguis'd in Womans Cloaths, as Earnest, for ensuing pleasure.

Mrs. M. But say old Trojan, am I so like my Sister?

Old M. Like quotha? I durst to have sworne you had been she.

Mrs. M. To convince you, search me; do, do: but if thou doest not, thy Daughter shall, for I am desperately in Love with her.

Old M. Absurd, I'll stand to't, that I shou'd take him for my Wife—— (aside)

But soft good Brother, my business of this early Visit, was partly to deliver a Letter directed to you from my Wife; and partly to desire you to forbear any further amorous discourses with my Daughter, *sic volo, sic jubeo*, you understand me; I have promis'd her to another, and this I resolve shall be her Wedding day.

(Gives a Letter.

Stan. How! this day is she to be Married? and will you slight Squire Careless? take heed Sir what you do.

Old M. Why Sir, I hope you wont Hector me? will you?

Stan. I have a greater respect for the young Lady then—

Old M. You, a respect for the young Lady? what are you Sir, that dare pretend to have a respect for my Daughter, Ha?

Stan. 'Tis no harm Sir, to be Civil to a handsome Lady; it's a Devotion we owe to Beauty.

Old M. But as I say Sir, it is harm Sir, and I'll none of it, therefore show your civility some where else.

Mrs. M. Fack, no more—Brother, rest content, I'll have none of your Daughter; by my hands not I—for my reasons, see there—[She gives Old M. the Letter; he Reads to himself.

Stanly, have courage, the Girl's thine own, Since this last rub we have so smoothly past, All little Oppositions I despise.

Stan. See, see, the Letter works rarely.

Mrs. M. It must take, especially as now I have design'd to proceed.

Old M. I'll stand to't, the kindest Wife man ever had. (aside

Mrs. M. Now shou'd you kneel and prostrate, Damsel, at my feet, I wou'd deny her; by my hands, not once care for her.

Stan. How Sir, can you so easily quit a Lady you so entirely Love?

Old M. What's that to you Sir: Good Brother rid my House of this Friend of yours, for I fear he'll prove no Friend of mine, shou'd he stay; I like not his Countenance, he has the looks of a slye Rogue.

Stan. Rogue! you are merry Sir—

Old M. You Lye, y'are a—

Stan. What, what Sir?

Old M. What Sir? y'are a *Quodammo*, I'll stand to't.

Stan. A *Quodammo*?

Old M. Yes, a *Quodammo* Sir—bring your Action, I care not.

Stan. Such another word, Old man, will make me very Angry and Extravagant.

Old M. Extravagant! I believe it; but march off civilly, or as I say, I shall civilly make you Sir.

Mrs. M. *Jack*, withdraw, and let me alone; I have a Plot which of necessity must be prosperous.

Stan. Sir, on my Friends request I'll leave your House, but look to't—a *Quodammo* said you! (Exit.)

Old M. Adieu, Huffing Sir—as gad sa'me he has put me into a filthy per.

Mrs. M. Brother, I have a rare fancy sprung, which if you approve of, must procure your desire.

Old M. In what good Brother?

Mrs. M. To make your Daughter comply, and marry this *Loveall*, whom my Sister mentions in her Letter; for since (as she writes) you have promis'd *Theodocia* to another, I am resolv'd to fulfil my Sisters request in assisting you in your intentions—in pursuance of which, I have thought on a way,—'tis this,—you say I am very like my Sister?

Old M. Right—what then?

Mrs. M. How if I, putting on one of my Sisters Gowns, shou'd personate her, and fairly at first use persuasions to *Theodocia*; but if they fail, to use a Mothers Authority, and Lock her up till the business is done.

Old M. How? you personate my Wife! and Lock her up!—well thought on—I'll none of that good Brother; soft and fair, I smell a Rat; I understand you, and so you'll debauch her, if not marry her your self.

Mrs. M. Who, I? by my hands, all my Courtship was but Rallery *a-la-mode*.

Old M. But I'll stand to't, you may so *a-la mode* her, as you call't, that may make her unfit for a Husband.

Mrs. M. The insupportable censure of impotence! I tell thee old Blade, I'd sooner marry an Orange Wench than thy dull Virtuous Daughter; by my hands I wou'd.

Old M.

Old *M.* A fitter Wife for such wild Gallants, than an honest Woman, I'll stand to't.

Mrs. *M.* Is not my Reputation at stake ? a Sisters Conjur-
ation ? by my hands you wrong me, to suspect my Honour.

Old *M.* But (pardon me Sir) thou'd it come to that extre-
mity of Locking her up, will you neither say, nor do any
thing tending to Debauchery, as you hope to be sav'd ? gad
forgive me.

Mrs. *M.* I'll do neither by Heav'n.

Old *M.* Good ; now if you thou'd, I'll Indict you for Per-
jury, and I'll stand to't ; y'are a witty Blade, the design
must take, for thou art so like my Wife, that I am almost
perswaded to kiss thee forther, but that it is so unseemly for
one man to kiss another.

Mrs. *M.* Then it is a Plot.

Old *M.* It is, and we'll about it instantly, the Wench
shall furnish you with a Gown—yet me-thinks I wou'd be
by, tho unseen to her, when you perswade her.

Mrs. *M.* To show you how unjust your suspicion is, you
shall.

Old *M.* (Laughs). I cannot but Laugh to think how the
young Baggage will be confused ; you, her Mother ?

Mrs. *M.* The deceit will be pleasant, what an innocent
Cheat it will be ? (to both)—but let us about it. *Exit.*

Scene the Third. *Tom Essence's Shop.*

Tom Essence Solus.

Well, I find thy soyl *Tom*, will never produce the fruit of
Vallour, therefore I have taken up the safer Cudgells of the
two ; I have enter'd an Action of Battery against *Courtly* for
violently assaulting the body of *Dorothy Essence*, my Wife ;
and my Lawyer tells me, I shall have swinging damages for
every bout I can prove he has assaulted her, and to have
dammage enough, so soon as I have dispatcht my Customers,
I'll to the Temple-walks, and hire two or three Knights
o'th' Post, who shall Swear to at least three thousand pounds
worth of Trespafs, with which I'll buy an Estate, and turn
Country Gentleman.

Enter

Enter Men and two Women to his Shop.

Fair Ladys, what lack ye? delicate *Roman*, *Italian*-scented
Gloves, good Essences, Tiberos, Orange Jessamine, Essence
d'Espagne, Fanns, Ribbons in every point *francois*——*Boy*——
Boy, bring some Essences. (*Boy Enters with Essence-bottles*)
Ha my little Rogues, here are Perfumes——ravishing enough
to revive the dead.

[*He bobs the Womens
nose with his Finger and Bottle.*]

1. *Wom.* You are the pleasantest Creature Mr. *Essence*, I
cannot live unless I see you once a week at least; y'are the
divertingst person in the Town I swear.

T. Eff. Alas Madam, I, I my pretty hearts; y'are the
Diamond Queen of the Nation; say no more, say no more,
I have a rich Blade in store for thee; another time, another
time.——

Ha! my pretty *Cherubins*!——(*Pass their Breasts with Essences.*
Men buzze about the Women.)

2. *W.* What a conceited impudent Rascal's this! (*aside.*
Mr. *Essence*, a word with you——

T. Eff. I wait on you Madam——*Jack*, bring those Spi-
rits came in last from the *Jews* in the City; Rogue, you ne-
ver mind, never mind Sirrah. (*Enter Boy with more Bottles.*)

1. *W.* Let me see 'em Mr. *Essence*—— (*T. Eff. gives*
'em about—the Boy imitates his Master.)

T. Eff. There are Scents Ladys——upon Rep——oh in-
comparable! I can Dine as heartily on a good *Roman* or
Italian Scent, as you can on a dish of Meat——oh luscious!
excellent! rare!

2. *W.* What do you ask for these Gloves?

T. Eff. Try 'em on, try 'em on Queen of hearts——upon
Rep, these Gloves are as well worth two Guynnies as the
common Jessamine half a Crown; but you pretty Beauty
shall give me but an Angel; I be-friend you I assure you, say
no more.

2. *W.* Are you Married Mr. *Essence*? [*He tries*
on the Gloves, pats, stroaks, kisses her armes, and soys
all the while he talks.]

T. Eff. Yes Madam; yes, I thank my Stars, I am married;
I was forc'd to't, for what with Maids of Honour, and Coun-
try Ladys, I was almost teas'd out of my Life——see there,——

a Country Knights Daughter; she has for these two years past, all the time she has been in Town, been as constant every day at my Shop, as a Bully at the Ordinaries; and she makes Love so passionately, that I was forc't to take the opportunity of her being out of Town when I marryed, and so choul't her (poor soul) yet she cannot forbear coming still.

2. *Wom.* Y're very hard-hearted, that could refuse so pretty a Lady; how chanc't you did not marry her? had she no fortune?

T. Eff. Yes, Madam, yes, pretty well, some hundreds; but alas, a Country Damsel is not fit for us Traders in this lewd Town, they'd soon find out the fashionable Trade, to our costs—*Felix quem faciunt* Madam, I am as to that point wife, at my Neighbours expence; wag your Honour, wag your Arm a little—

But I fear my Town-Soul has plaid me a prank; but *Tom*. that secret's for thy self alone. *(aside.*

—Ha Madam; how Ceraphically it fits, and for Scent, smell; smell it little Ceraphim.

2. *Wo.* What means the Fellow—Y're Sawcy—

(Bobbs her Nose.

T. Eff. How? Sawcy in commending my Commodities, pretty, pretty—prithee smell agen—

This, ay this is it y'faith—
—Cudslid you Whore—
(Bobbs her. she gives him a Box on the Ear, and goes away with the Gloves. Enter Lov. who prevents T. Eff. striking agen.

Enter Loveall.

Lov. How now *Tom*, quarrelling with your Customers?

T. Eff. Customers with a pox,—I have expos'd to Air, at least a dozen papers of my best *Roman* and *Italian* Gloves; smell Mr. *Loveall*—and the Baggage laid out nothing but a box o'th'Ear; but I had reparteed it, had not you staid my hand—but Mr. *Loveall*, I am heartily glad to see you in Town agen, the Ladys have so wanted you at my Shop.

Lov. Sirrah, will you never leave your Lying to one that knows you? you were a pure Rogue to put a common Whore upon me when I was last in Town, for a person of Quality; but look to it Rascal, for I'll trappan thee into Matrimony for it, and then Cuckold thee. *T. Eff.*

T. Eff. Say you so, then hang care, I find 'tis impossible to be a Married man and no Cuckold, for the Misses who are kept, are more true to their words than the Wives now a days are to their Oaths they make in the Church——*(aside)*. But Mr. *Loveall*, as I hope to be Alderman, and ride in Scarlet, and have the Blew-coat Boys sing *Jordans* Poetry before me to the *Spittle*, I was credibly inform'd she was a Person of Honour.

Lov. Yes, of *Wybesstones* Park, *Moseleys* Damsels were Nuns to her, and she was so Pockey, that she embrac'd the offer of a French Vallet to go over into *France* to get Cure.

T. Eff. A person of Honour may get a Clap, or so, who can help it—but is she gone to *Paris* & that I had known it sooner.

Lov. What wou'd that have advantag'd you ?

T. Eff. Much, much Sir ; for I wou'd have sent a Venture by her for Gloves, Ribbons, and Essences : Those kind obliging souls buy three to one Cheaper than your Coy Virtuous Women, I know it by experience ; the little Goddesses of Love have the prettiest Wheadlingst ways, that what I have lost by Selling to them, I have choust the Honest Women of—look you—there goes a Rogue who has at least three times giv'n me the go-by for several pair of Gloves—She has call'd in a Coach to see some, fitted her self, falln into a Laugh, pretended business, and made the Coach-man drive away hastily, sans paying a-gad : But hang't, I always got up my loss by the next Virtuous Customers have come, which is the cause of the Report that I sell dear—but Mr. *Loveall*, I must live ; shou'd I be reasonable to the Honest, I shou'd lose abominably.

Lov. A precious Rascal, to make the sober Ladys of the Town maintain the Misses : On my Life, this was some thrifty Gallants invention, to mitigate his expence of Keeping.

T. Eff. Upon Rep Sir, my own Invention, to make the Rich Charitable to the Indigent members of *Venus*-encounters—See, I have a swinging Catalogue of 'em, here, all Debtors, who are to pay trebble for the Commodities they have taken up, when they come to the Preferment of being kept by Lords or Country Cullyes ; so that in my own de-

H fence

fence, I'am forc't now and then to top 'em on some shallow,
brain'd Lord or Knight, to hedge in my Debts.

T. Eff. retires to his Shop.

Low. Laurence, are the Writings finished ?

Enter Laurence.

Law. Yes Sir, they are done, but I having had no war-
rant to pay the Fees, the Lawyers wou'd not trust.

Low. What's a Clock ?

Law. Almost Twelve Sir—you must make hast, or the
Canonical hour will be past; and if the old Man shou'd be
in a pet, he may chance to stop your Marriage till to morrow.

Low. Fear it not—for I will not sleep, till it be in *Theo-
dacia's* Arms; let us hast to the Temple for the Writings,
from thence I'll flye to take possession of the two great bles-
sings of the World, Wealth and Beauty.

*Whose mighty Charms the World cou'd ne're withstand,
For their joynt powers both Age and Youth command.*

Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT the Fifth.

Scene, the first. The Street before *Tom Eff.* House.

Courtsly Solus.

MY restless soul stung with *Theodacia's* Falshood, hurries
me head-long to a wild despair, yet mighty Love con-
trolls my faint Resolves—but spight of Love, and all his
mistick trifling, no longer I'll sustain my Injuries—but
stay—— *(Stands)*

To him Mrs. Effence.

Mrs. Eff. This Husband of mine is possest, that's certain,
and shou'd I be so too, he'd soon be fashionable, which I am
resolv'd to make him, if he continues longer in his Whim-
sies. *(Spies Courtsly.)*

—Ha ! here's the fine Gallant agen, as pat as may be; well
Thomas, look to thy Head, for if this Blade proves kind,
something to your cost may follow.—— *(aside.)*

Con.

Con. Marry'd ! and broak her Vows ! and still enjoys an undisturb'd mind !——she shall not long,——for like her ill-genius, I'll hunt her every where with repetitions of her faithless A&s——since thou fair faithless Creature hast rob'd me of a constant Love as thou'lt made me, thou shalt be wretched too.

Mrs. Eff. Hem—hem, *2 Mrs. Eff. sets her self in order by sweet Sir your Servant—her Pocket-glass.*

Con. Oh the disquiets of an Injur'd soul !

Mrs. Eff. How do you do Sir ?——good—*Searches her Pocket, and pulls out an Essence-bottle.*
ness defend him, I fear he is ill agen—
let me see—oh, here it is,—this Spirit
they say is excellent good to dispel Va-
pours'—He try the experiment on him—

[Take some on her Finger and bobs his Nose.

Con. What mean you Woman ?——

It shall be so, I will revenge my self on all the Sex ; first force this Tyrant from my soul, then practising dissembled Love, like her, I'll win 'em to my cursed end, and then expose 'em to eternal shame.

Mrs. Eff. Upon my life some Ill-natur'd Creature has deny'd his request, which makes him out of humour, but I'll make amends for the rudeness, and will comply if he has the goodness to ask, let it be what it will, for I find I shall not be able to refuse him any thing—Sir, as I was saying—pray how do you.

To them Tom Essence.

T. Eff. Fire and Gun-powder ! my Wife and *Courty* together agen ! where be these Catch-pole Rogues now, they might kill him with Authority, thou'd he resist—how-ever I'll in, and fetch a Weapon, and by knocking him down, secure him till they come to Arrest him. *(Exit.*

Mrs. Eff. One word for pittty Sir—my heart beats heavily, and I am so concern'd for you, that I Vow I am strangely indispos'd—Oh I am sick—*{ She falls into his Arms,*

Con. Ha ! the Woman faints—*{ and lets fall the Bottle.*

Mrs. Eff. The Spirit, the Spirit Sir, quick, quick—rub my Temples Sir, pray do—what not one kiss—*(aside.*
the Spirit agen, and bob my Nose with it Sir—

Con. Damn her, 'tis Counterfeit—and the whole Sex is

a Cheat—thus *Theodosia* seem'd, when I took leave of her and left the Town—but I no sooner gone, but she resign'd my Interest to another—

(*aside.*)

Mrs. *Ess.* Hold me a little harder Sir—squeeze me harder yet Sir; fear not, you cannot hurt me Sir—the Duce take him, he understands me not sure!

(*aside.*)

Re-enter Tom Essence with a Paring-knife.

T. Ess. Blood must ensue—were he at his Prayers, I'd knock him o'th'head—Cuckold me quotha? a good jest y'faith—but I'll maule his Mazzard, were he as stout as Hector or Goliath—hum—hum,—Valour assist me; Tom, stand to't, and cool his courage in the midst of Courtship—now Sir, after my hearty Commendations—

Con. Curse on my Eyes, } *T. Ess. offers to strike. Con.*
what do I see? that hated Fop— } *turns. T. Ess. bows & cringes*

T. Ess. Pox on him, his looks make me tremble like an Aspin-leaf: Friend *Thomas*, thy disgrace will be insupportable; what, Cuckold and Coward too, thy Father was as pretty a Spark as e're play'd Tryal of Skill at the Bear-Garden.

Con. Sirrah, retire from my sight instantly, or by Heav'n I shall grow wild.

T. Ess. This is the Kings High-way Sir—*winks & beckons* and—the Baggage wont stir, ah Gypsie. *Sees his Wife.*

Con. Do you dispute Sirrah?

T. Ess. I'm gone, I'm gone Sir—'tis a hard case, a man must be forc'd to leave his Wife with her Gallant—but I'll be near to hear and see what you do—

(*Retires.*)

Con. Wherein can I be serviceable Madam—

Mrs. *Ess.* Cannot you guess Sir? I am young, have an Ill-natur'd Husband, and I Vow you are Sir—but you'll think me a Wagg, shou'd I tell you my mind—

Con. No, no, no, speak, what am I?

Mrs. *Ess.* You are Sir—Lord I blush so—pray turn your back Sir—you are—pray Sir do—

Con. Torment!—now Madam speak, you are obey'd—

(*turns his back.*)

Mrs. *Ess.* Upon my Credit Sir, you are the most desirable man I ever saw, and cou'd wish—

Con. Cou'd wish I wou'd do—what?

Mrs. *Ess.*

Mrs. Eff. Revenge my quarrel on a necessary, but ill-na-
tur'd Fool, call'd a Husband——

Cou. To Cuckold him or so?——

Mrs. Eff. I Vow you are an Ingenious person, and guess
admirably well Sir.—— (bides her Face.

Cou. Oh Theodocia, too late I find the falseness of thy
sex.

Re-enter Tom Essence.

T. Eff. Nay Friend of mine, thou canst not want a greater
Wherstone for thy Valour than her Impudence. [Offers to
strike: Court. turns; he starts back fearful.

Cou. Rogue, are you here agen——

T. Eff. For no harm, no harm I Vow to gad Sir—I only
come to pare away the durt my Neighbours have cast at my
Door——Sure my Father begot me in an Alarme, for I
have fear enough to put a whole Town into Confusion. [aside.

Mrs. Eff. My Husband just in the nick——what ill Luck
was this. [aside.

To them Theodocia:

Theo. That Perjur'd Villain here? how I loath the sight
of him. (aside

Mrs. Essence, do you tamely stand, and let that Fellow rob
you of your Honour?

T. Eff. Troth Mrs. Theo. I cannot help it, for to say truth,
I am a very Gyant in thought, but a Dwarfe in action; I
understand the Theory of fighting, but the thoughts of blood
and wounds have kept me from the practick part, or by this
time I had pepper'd him.

Theo. So poorly-spirited! you deserve no bet- } To T. Ess.
ter Fate——

False and Inconstant man, are these th'effects of horrid pro-
testations, enough, if broak, to damn thy soul. [to Cou.

Mrs. Eff. What means she?

Cou. Madam, in vain you Counterfeit a Passion, a second
time I will not be deceiv'd; thou'rt faithless grown, and
hast betray'd thy Honour to Eternal Infamy——Oh Theo-
docia, Reproach me not with Vows, which you, as I
thought with as spotless Zeal did eccho to—but now—thy
choyce, thy abject choyce declares thy Honour lost, thy
former Love Hypocrisie.

Theo.

Theo. Good Heav'n! he thinks to palliate his wrongs with a pretended Crime I shou'd be guilty of——art thou grown so hardned in thy sin, to prosecute it in the face of Heav'n and all the world, and basely to justify your injuries to plighted Love, wou'd brand my Honour with Inconstancy.

Cou. to Mrs. *Effence*. Madam, your Charms do so surprise my soul, that without the blest enjoyment of your Love, I shall be the wretchedst breathing——as now by Heav'n I am——
(*aside*.)

Mrs. Eff. Lard Sir, your Complements are strangely obliging——

T. Eff. Are they so? Very fine y'faith!——
(*aside*.)

Mrs. Eff. That my Block-head were out of the way now; well I must, I Vow, that's the short and long on't.
(*aside*.)

Theo. Courtship before my Face I cannot bear——desist, or thy speedy death shall justify my Passion, and thou shalt fall a Victim to my tormented soul——

T. Eff. Good kind heart, how Zealous she is in my Cause still; well——she's an excellent Friend, and a pretty Creature; and had I been as high-spirited as she, the man had been knockt o'th'head by this——

Cou. Do, take my Life, and glory in the act, and by one fatal blow, cancel those Vows you made, and which are lodg'd here in my heart *Theodocia*, then you may uncontroul'd, possess your worthy choyce.

Mrs. Eff. What a Medly is this? it madds me that I am so disappointed——

Mrs. Theo. Dont think that this pretended Anger, for I know not what shall excuse the affront you have done me; no, no, a Woman's a Woman, and has a Spleen as well as man, understands points of Honour too; you conceive me——my Husband shou'd be my own——but this lewd Age——yet I'll say no more——

Theo. I understand her not——(*aside*.)——yet too true I know that thou art false——
(*to Cou.*)

Cou. Witness Heav'n, if I am false, you shou'd me the way——but to convince you, here take my Life——and by my death I will declare my Innocence.

Theo. Innocence!

T. Eff. Innocence ! a good jest y'faith—when you become the blot of my Scutcheon, and exalt my Horn above my Neighbours ; this is Innocence, is it—but Cudslid I'll not endure it—oh good Sir, I forgive you, upon Rep I meant no harm ; be pleas'd to buy any good Gloves or Ribbons, Essences for your Periwig—pray walk in Sir—Pox on him—
(*offers to strike Con.*
Courtly turns, he cringes.
aside.)

Enter Bailiffs.

Oh are you come, that's well ; there's your man, do your Office—
{ *Bailiffs Seize on Courtly.*

Conr. Arrested ! what means this Riddle ?

T. Eff. Riddle Sir ? you are like to unfold it as you have my Wifes Riddle, Pox on your Learning for your pains—

Mrs. Eff. What does my Sot design by this ? I'll observe, he's such an impertinent Ass, that I am asham'd to own him, for fear this Gallant shou'd have the worse opinion of me for his sake, and disappoint my Expectations—
(*aside.*)

Con. Rascals, at whose Suit am I Arrested ? and for what ?

T. Eff. Come, come Sir, I can handle and talk to you too, now you are in the hands of Justice, as they say ; you are Arrested at my Suit Sir—

Con. At yours Villain, Slave, yours ?

T. Eff. Even so Sir, at mine and my Wifes injuries, great injuries you have done me, Rep must be satisfied.

Con. What wrongs have I done thee ? hadst thou affronted me, thou art a thing wou'd more deserve my pitty than revenge—and for thy Wife—

Theo. Dishonouring her, is I suppose a trivial thing, but now you'll find the due reward for Treachery.

T. Eff. Ay, ay, he shall find to his cost, for I can prove three thousand pounds worth of Assault and Battery Sir, you have committed on my Wife.

Con. I injure her ! Villain, thou Lyeft—

Mrs. Eff. I swear, and so he does, for he has not done me reason yet, as they say ; but if he had, it wou'd have been no Trespass, for I Vow he shou'd have had free ingress, egress, and regress to do what he pleas'd—had you not come as you did—
(*aside.*)

Con.

Con. Cruel Fair, wherein have I done any thing might merit this ill Usage.

(so Theo.)
I injure thee ! by all that's good, it is as false as thou art to thy former Vows,——oh *Theodocia*——

T. Eff. Hy day, I talk of my Wife, and he addresses himself to Mrs. *Theo*——

Con. Were not thy perjuries sufficient——

T. Eff. Leave fiddle faddle Sir, and answer to the point——
did you never lye with my Wife, ha ? how say you, ha ?

Con. I never had so foul a thought towards *Theodocia*——

T. Eff. Look you there agen now——tell not me of what you thought of Mr. *Theo.* but of my Wife.

Con. Of *Theodocia* your Wife, I was talking of.

T. Eff. *Theodocia* my Wife ? ha, ha, he ; sure the man is madd.

Con. Is not this Lady your Wife ?

T. Eff. A Lady might have been my Wife, if I had been kind, but that time is past.

Con. I am amaz'd ! then the Picture I saw in your hand, you had from this Woman ?

T. Eff. Ev'n so Sir——this Whirly-gigg is my Spouse.

Mrs. Eff. He tells you true Sir, and it is as true that I am that Fellow's Wife, a base Rascal as he is to suspect my Virtue.

T. Eff. Virtue ! Au Lord ! and have been Courted by a Batchellour-spark of the Town ! that is the common pretence of all the Whores, tho they have layen with half the Town——

Mrs. Eff. Sirrah, you think by accusing me, to excuse your own base actions ; but I'll not bear it, marry won't I ; I brought a good Portion, and will be respected and humour'd, marry will I.

T. Eff. Yes, you shall be respected, but——with a Cudgel——if you go on Cuckolding me, I'll tell you but so.

Theo. What an unexpected change is here ?

Con. How have I been wandering in a Labyrinth of Errors since I came to Town, and *Theodocia's* injur'd Virtue strikes such a terror through my heart, that I am all Confusion——
Madam, can you pardon one who basely has suspected Virtue and Innocence——some small excuse I have, though not
enough

enough to justify my wrongs to your fair self; for meeting this Fellow with my Picture which I had given you at my going out of Town, and he affirming he had it from his Wife, and it being reported in the Country that you were Married, made me conclude this was your Husband, which made me act deeds I am now ashamed of—

Theo. Blest mistake! since it has try'd and prov'd your generous Constancy, and I should rather ask your pardon for having been the Original of your past troubles, tho' not wilfully; for Fainting last night at the door, and having your Picture in my hand, I dropt it; but when I came to my self, in vain I lookt, for I cou'd not find it.

Mrs. Eff. At that very time I saw you in my Husband's Arms; and suspecting him for Lewdness, I came with a design to surprize ye together, but ye were too quick, and there I found the Picture.

T. Eff. Au Lord, what will become of me now? the burden of all will light on my Shoulders.

[*aside.* Yes, yes Sir, 'tis too true what the Woman says—and here is the Picture.

Mrs. Eff. Woman, you Clownish What-de-lack? no Woman of your making—

T. Eff. Say you so, then it wou'd have been no news if you had Cornuted me—and I fear the mistake has gone too far for my Rep, pray Sir speak comfort to a Jealous mind; did you not revenge the affront I offer'd you, upon my Wife?—the truth good Sir, and I heartily forgive you, for I was justly serv'd for being such a Coxcomb to conclude what I had not thoroughly examined.

Cou. Friend, rest satisfied, I have neither injur'd you or your Wife, but your Jealousie was enough to have made her extravagant; therefore have a care how you provoke a Woman hereafter.

Mrs. Eff. Ay *Tommy*, as this Gentleman says, take heed how you stir up my Granam *Eves* curiosity in me any more—if you do, I shall be for Forbidden fruit—but I forgive you this time, as you shou'd me, and cease to be Jealous, or I shall be solicitous for you know what—Madam, I hope you'll pardon my late miscarriage, I swear I meant no harm, not I, I Vow.

T. Eff. Sir, upon Rep *I* am oblig'd to you, and now—my dear, let us embrace and sign peace—ne thinks this looks like our Wedding-day—if hereafter *I* break this League of Amity, *I* give thee free liberty of Conscience.

Mrs. Eff. Which *I* shall take, but till then *Tommy*, give me no cause, and *I* will be yours, and only yours, till death,
Dorothy Essence.

T. Eff. Well said *Chuck*— *Enter a Boy, whispers T. Eff.* Sir your Servant; *Mrs. Theo.* your Slave: Customers are come whom *I* must wait on—*Mrs. Theo.* use my Shop, and pray do you too Sir; upon Rep, I'll sell cheaper to you two, than to any *I* know, for being the instruments of Reconciliation between my *Dolly* and *I*. (*Exit.*)

Enter Luce.

Theo. Dear Friend, what news hast thou learnt in my absence? does my Father cruelly persist in his design to make me *Loveall's* Bride.

Luce. Madam he does—but what's the meaning of this? *Mr. Courty* here? and reconcil'd? by what strange accident were ye made Friends.

Con. Our Stars only try'd our passions by some unlucky influences—but Madam, if you please, we may frustrate your Father's power if you will vouchsafe to make me happy with your fair self.

Luc. The Proposal's good, embrace it Madam, and put it instantly in execution; for shou'd either your Father or Mother find you, you'd be in a desperate condition.

Mrs. Eff. *Mrs. Theo.* if *I* can serve you, command me; and Sir, you too may add yours to hers, and you shall see how chearfully *I* will obey.

Theo. *I* am oblig'd to you *Mrs. Essence*,—and Friend, your proposal corresponds with my wishes,—yet a Father's anger, which will be inflam'd too by a disappointed Step-Mother, may produce a fatal consequence to all my hopes.

Luc. Indeed your Mother is impatient for your coming home, and *I* have promis'd to bring you; but to prevent all danger, *I* have contriv'd a way to disappoint your Mother, and *Mrs. Essence* may be Serviceable.

Mrs. Eff. Which *I* willingly wou'd be, if it be an Intreigue; for *I* love Intreigues with my heart, and if you please to walk
into

into my house, we'll discourse further of it—pray walk in Madam——Sir, I beseech you——

Con. Ah Madam, this happy hour will make full satisfaction for our past misfortunes. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE the Second. *Street before Mon. door.*

Loveall, Laurence.

Lov. Now for the rising of Loves charming spoyles——
Laurence, have you the Licence ready?

Lau. Yes, yes Sir, here is the warrant of Condemnation——and the Writings from your Lawyer; he Swears he has tyed you neck and heels——look you Sir——dear Parchment, to the tune of *Twenty Guynies*.

Enter Mrs. Monylove.

Mrs. M. Mr. *Loveall*, your Servant; my Master is in great expectation of you Sir, pray make hast to him, for he is so humourfome, that should you be absent any longer, it may endanger you the losing of my Daughter, and me the Honour of having so worthy a person for my Son-in-Law——which I'll prevent, if possible—— *(aside.)*

Lov. I am oblig'd to you Madam, and am glad to see your health so soon restor'd.

Mrs. M. Indeed Sir for the present I was Ill, but having taken the Air, and lying out one Night from this close Town——

Lov. In the Arms of your kind Friend *Stanly*.—— *(aside.)*

Mrs. M. My health return'd, and I was loath to put my Master to charges, which made me put off my intended Journey——pray walk in Sir——

Lov. your Servant Madam—— *{ Love and Lau. goes
into the House.*

Enter Luce with Mrs. Effence Maskt, with Theo. Cloaths on.

Mrs. M. Here's *Luce* with *Theodocia*, 'twas well I sh.sted him off before they came——

Luce, thy diligence shall be rewarded; Daughter, no words, but along with me——

Now *Stanly*, I'll perform my promise—— *(aside.)*

[Exit, with Mrs. Eff.]

Luce. So, this was a lucky Conveyance——now to prepare for my own affairs——

“Loveall, at last I’ve caught thee in my Net,

“In vain you’ll strive, for you’re past retreat.

(Exit.

SCENE the Third. Old Mon. House.

Old Mon. after him Loveall, Laurence.

Old M. Mr. Loveall! in good time Sir, I’ll stand to’t, I have a quarrel with you; what, stay till the Canonical hour be past? Absurd, absurd, I begin to suspect you have no Love for my Daughter; if you had, you would have made more hast——

Lov. Not I Love fair Theodocia?

Old M. As I say, not Love her, or you would have been here sooner; but now Sir I am resolv’d she shall not be Married till to morrow, for my opinion is, that all Marriages after the Canonical hour are Unlawful; and consequently the Women are but a kind of Licens’d Whores, which my Daughter shan’t be, if I may have my will; I will not bate an Ace of the Canonical hour Sir, I am a Church of England man Sir, I’ll stand to’t I am.

Lov. But under favour Sir, our Church respects not time, but administration; if it be by One in Orders, and according to the Ceremony of the Church, let it be at any time, ’tis good——but Sir, for fear some scrupulous man shou’d refuse, what think you of taking a Coach to Pancras-Church, there it will be done effectually, for that is a place of Priviledge and Liberty to Marry without Lincenses, and at any time——

Old M. A place of Priviledge and Liberty? a place of Debauchery, I’ll stand to’t——what an age is this! that our Mother Church shou’d have Loop-holes as well as the Laws! for those places of Liberty, as you stile ’em, serve only to Debauch our Children from their obedience; for when they have no mind to Marry the person of their Parents approbation, they run away with some indigent smooth-tongu’d Fellow to your place of Liberty (as you call it) and Marry him for Love forsooth, and commonly take their first taste of man in one of the Bawdy-houses, near that Church, and I’ll stand to’t;

to't; *I* believe the Beds infect 'em, and make 'em turn Whores, and Cuckold their Husbands, as most do——

Love. Must then my happiness be defer'd till to-morrow Sir?

Old M. Ay, indeed must it Sir, the rather too, because *I* have not perus'd the Deeds of settlement yet.

Love. Here they are Sir, and the License too.

Old M. Very good, very good, let me see 'em.

(*Love. gives Old M. the Writings, he peruses 'em.*)

Enter Mrs. Mon. Betty.

Mrs. M. *I* have perform'd my promise, your Daughter is within.

Old M. Oh Brother——*I* am oblig'd to you——now Mr. *Loveall*, you have nothing to do, but to prepare to be Marry'd to-morrow——pray know this Gentleman, 'tis my Wifes Brother, a notable Wagg, I'll stand to't ---and he disguis'd himself on purpose in Petty-coats, to put a trick upon my Daughter, and counsel her into obedience——come, come, *I* know you are surpris'd, and think it is my Wife, he is so like her——embrace *I* say, embrace him, I'll stand to't, you shall——

Love. By Heaven his very Wife, for *I* know no Brother that she has——however, since she has brought *Theodocia* home, I'll favour her design, but *I* cannot imagine what will be the end of it——Sir, *I* must acknowledge the Obligation you have done me, in bringing fair *Theodocia* to be my Bride——

(*Embraces Mr. Mon.*)

Mrs. M. But now *I* have her in my power Old Sir, *I* am resolv'd not to surrender her till *I* am assur'd of her Portion.

Old M. Thou art the notablest Lad I e're met with, but to satisfy you, I engage before ye all, to pay down on my Daughters Wedding day the Sum of Six Thousand Pounds; besides, it may be, a settlement of my whole Estate upon her and her Heirs for ever.

Mrs. M. Done like a Father of so deserving a Daughter.

Love. And *I* hope you'll say *I* do deserve your Daughter; when you shall see with what obliging kindness *I* shall use her——and my Uncle too has made a Settlement of his whole Estate upon me

Mrs. M. And you are resolv'd to give this Portion?

Old M.

Old *M.* As I say, I'll stand to't——

Mrs. M. Stanly, bring forth your Bride——

Enter Stanly, Mrs. Effence Maskt.

See Sir, as to my own particular, I have kept my word; but my Friend here, has both won & Marry'd your Daughter, and now I hope the Portion will be ready——

Old *M.* How! my Daughter Marry'd to that Hector? Brother——

Mrs. M. Mistake not Sir, now my business is done, I resign that Title, and re-assume that of a dutiful Wife; and to say true, I never had a Brother.

Old *M.* Ha, is this true?—was it you then that wore the Breeches, and made me a Cuckold in my own House? y'are a Harlot, I'll stand to't, and I'll take a course with you, for I'll be Divorst if money and Law can do't; but first I'll cancel the Settlement I made on thee, of my Estate for Life, but it was with power of Revocation; and next, I'll turn that graceless wretch out of doors—'tis well you have the modesty to hide that shameless Face—— *(to Mrs. Eff.*

Lov. Theodocia Marry'd!

Law. What will become of thee *Laurence?* for since thy Master has mist of the Mistress, thou art in danger of losing the Maid—— *(aside.*

Mrs. M. Fret on Sir, yet 'twill not do, for your promise is good, the Portion must be paid, and Divorſe when you will, the Prerogative-Court will give me Alimony, and the Chancery Separation money, enough to maintain a Gallant.

Old *M.* An absurd impudent Strumpet, I'll stand to't—— but I am well enough serv'd for Marrying when I was past the use of Woman——

Lov. Was this the Assignment you made your Gallant, Madam?——

Mrs. M. The very same Sir——

Stan. Even so will; for when I came, her kindness turn'd to this, and forc'd this Lady into my Armes to Marry, which you may be assur'd I did very unwillingly; but as you say—— Persecution is come abroad, and we must suffer patiently——

Lov. Villain, thou never shalt enjoy her; thus I'll force a passage to thy soul, and cancel all those Vows y'ave newly made to this Lady—— *(draws)*

Stan.

Stan. Now I have possession Sir, I shall not easily resign my Interest. *(Draws, they fight.)*

Mrs. Eff. Hold, hold, good Gentle-men, Murder not one another for me— *(She Unmasks)*

All. *Mrs. Effence!*

Lou. Nay, then take heart of grace good *Laurence*, for there's hope agen; what *Mrs. Effence!*

Mrs. M. The Milliner's Wife in *Theodocia's* Cloaths— then I must rest content, since I am out-witted *(Aside.)*

Stan. Curs'd Stars, am I Cousen'd then?

Old M. Huswife, what have ye done with my Daughter? you have her Cloaths—

Mrs. Eff. Be not angry Mr. *Monylowe*, she's gone about a certain Intreigue, and to carry it on, she desired my assistance: Now I, loving harmless witty Intreigues from my heart, readily comply'd, and I was thus disguis'd, and brought by *Mrs. Luce* to be Marry'd to a person in *Mrs. Theodocia's* name; and I Vow, me-thinks 'tis a very pleasant Intreigue.

Stan. A Devil on your pleasant Intreigue, I am like to lose a fair Fortune by it; nothing Vexes me now, but that I did not perfect the Marriage, that in revenge, when the Cheat shou'd be discovered, I might have Hang'd thee for having two Husbands—

Mrs. Eff. I Vow Sir, I admir'd at your forbearance, & am glad you did not urge it on me, for I fear I shou'd have yielded, you Embrac'd me so passionately, and Kiss'd me so pleasantly!

Lou. There's some hopes left, since she has mist of her design— *(pointing to Mrs. Mon.)*

Joy, joy to you *Stanly*, you are the happy man to have a Fortune forc'd into your arms— *(to Stan.)*

Enter Cou. Theo. Luce, Betty, Tom Eff. *after 'em.*

T. Eff. Well, I am Jealous agen, what a Devil shou'd my Wife do with *Courtly* now? something more is in it than I can at present apprehend—and what their business is here, for my blood I cannot guess— *(Aside.)*

Old M. What, what do I see, Mr. *Courtly* and my Daughter together?

Cou.

Con. Who desire your Blessing, which is only wanting to compleat and crown our Joys—

Lov. Then she's beyond all hopes, e're to be retriev'd—
(*aside.*)

Old *M.* Baggage, out of my sight—

T. Eff. Call my Wife names? that must not be—Neighbour forbear Ill-language, or look you, de'fee, the Law shall gag you—what tho she be somewhat faulty, yet my Wife's my own Sir, and no one shall Correct her but my self—
Ha, Mrs. *Theo.* in my *Dolls* Pettycoats?—

Old *M.* What ayles the Fellow? shall not I Correct my own Daughter? if you want your Wife Sir, there she is, Marry'd to one of the Town-Hectors, I'll stand to't—

T. Eff. Marry'd! Marry'd! oh insatiable! what, two Husbands! is this true? confess and be hang'd, for so thou shalt, if it be prov'd—

Old *M.* In vain are all excuses; go, go, I'll never own you more, and your disobedience will justify my intention, to give my Estate to Mr. *Loveall* in satisfaction for the affront you have done him.

Lu. First hear what I can say in Vindication of her actions—she cou'd not otherwise have done in Honour, her Vows by your command, being giv'n to her now Husband Mr. *Courtly*—but grant she had been free, yet *Loveall* cou'd not have Marry'd without the forfeit of his Honour, to prove the truth of which, read there the Accusation of his intended Perjury—
(*delivers a paper to Old M.*)

Lov. Ha! this is the Widdow—too true, 'tis she, curse on her ill-tim'd presence—had I been sure of *Theodocia*, I'd have out-fac'd, nsy, and out-ly'd the Devil before I'd have resign'd that beauteous Treasure—but now it is too late—
(*aside.*)

Lu. Do you not know me Sir? view me well—not yet know me?—to convince you, I am the person you have endeavour'd basely to abuse—see? *Shows a Picture and here—that Ladys Picture inclos'd a Letter to Lov.* in your Uncles Letter, which by Providence you left behind you at my house—now did I basely seek Revenge, thy Life is forfeited—but Love in me's more powerful—therefore to save my Honour, you must—Marry me—if not—

Lov.

Low. I am past evading it, nor indeed wou'd I, since I have lost *Theodocia*,—She's Rich and Handsome—Faith Madam I must plead guilty, I have been a very Villain,—but then consider Widdow, 'twas Love, all powerful Love of your sweet Self made me act so extravagantly, but if now thou prov'st kind-hearted and forgiv'st me, I'll proclaim thy mercy to the world, and Seal it in the next Church we come to—

Old *M.* What's here? a Contract of Marriage between *William Lovest* and *Theodocia Landwell*, of *Stamford*, Widdow; what is this to Mr. *Lovell*, *Luce*?

Low. Sir, I confess it my hand, and intended for my name, but that my Uncle had provided your Daughter for my Wife—but since that does not succeed, I am resolv'd to execute what I then design'd only as a Cheat on this Ladys Virtue; Widdow, your pardon; Widdow, your pardon.

Old *M.* How! is *Luce* a Widdow?

Low. Yes Sir, this is the Widdow who formerly I told you reliev'd me and my Man, when we were Rob'd and Stript.

Old *M.* What a turn is this! a Rich Widdow my *The's* Maid? a good jest I'll stand to't.

Luce. Thus disguis'd, I gain'd admittance into this Lady's Service, to prevent my Disgrace, and her Ruin, as it might have prov'd; for, by my contrivance, both yours and your Daughters Honour is unsully'd, seeing she has perform'd her Vows to Mr. *Courtly*—

Lau. The Widdow! what Ill-luck was it that I did not get into my Masters Saddle. *(aside.)*

Old *M.* Y'are a Witty pretty, Pretty witty Widdow, I'll stand to't—Mr. *Lovell*—'twas absurd, absurd in you to do so ill an action—however I'll stand your Friend to your Uncle, and as I say, Marry her, and I'll justifie it—

Mr. *Courtly*, take my Daughter, and bless ye together, and I hope you'll pardon my intention of Coufening you; I am Old Sir, 'twas for mony, a greater Estate, a greater Estate; and you know we Old men are as amorous on mony as you young Gallants on fair Maids; I'll stand to't, I am Sir, as I say I am.

Con. My Obedience Sir, for the future, shall shew my Forgiveness of your intended wrong, since I have full possession of my *Theodocia*.

T. Effence } Pshaw, pshaw Sir, your reasoning is vain, do
to *Stan.* } Not I know the tricks of the Fashionable
Wives, they make nothing of marrying their Gallants now
a days, but I'll not allow it; you have marry'd her Sir, and
shall keep her Sir, for I'll have nothing more to say to her;
a fair riddance of her say I, and if she goes on marrying at
this rate, the Town will be but one great forked head of her
own making, upon Rep.

Con. *Effence*, you must pardon your Wife, for what she
did was at our request, and innocently done.

T. Eff. Pardon her? not I, therefore take her to you
Sir, or I'll have her hang'd Sir, and then I'll have the
Five hundred pound Lais, whom I was inform'd had but
three.

Theo. What she did, was at my desire Mr. *Effence*—

Con. To gain time for our marriage, and to prevent
Mrs. *Monyloves* discovering us before our Joys were com-
pleat.

Stan. A Pox upon't, it was too true; you may take
your *Jessamine* butter-pot home, for any use I have made
of her.

Old *M.* I'll stand to't Neighbour *Effence*, she's a witty
discreet Woman, and it will be absurd if you do not par-
don her.

Mrs. *M.* 'Twas only a harmless Intreigue, such as my
Neighbour *Tattle* and I us'd when we went Maskt to the
Galleries at the Play-houses, to hear the fine Gentle-men
talk None-sence, and Swear, to be thought Witts—
and this Gentle-man (if I am not deceiv'd) us'd to be one
of 'em.

T. Eff. Say you so? then I'me satisf'd, since Rep is whole
agen—but *Doll*, provoke me no more to Jealousie; and
doest hear, by way of prevention, go no more to the
Play-Houses maskt; for there is a scurvey Proverb, and
you may be caught at last—*Your Pitcher may be crackt
with often use*—yet I will not bar you of your pleasure,
but

but be contented to go the seldomer, and I'll set you in a Box, as well as our Neighbours Wives; for the Pit and Galleries are become down-right Conventicles of Bawdery; one cannot hear a Play in 'em, for the Chattering of the fluttering Blades to a Company of Pockey-fac'd Creatures in Vizards, upon Rep——but *Doll*——

*Use freedom with discretion, and you'll see
Tom Effence understands Civility.*

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 43. Line 20. for *Adams Body*, read *Adonis Body*.



EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. *Essence*.

NOW I had rather, *Sirs*, be hang'd, than come
To know your *Curtesies* about our *Doom* :
I've been apply'd to, all the several ways
Man's *Wit* cou'd think of to procure your *Praise*,
Yet ne're has any yet successful been,
To gain your *Favours*, or *Applauses* win ;
When monstrous *Fools* ye have been made o'th' *Stage*,
Such provocation justifi'd your *Rage*.
We've only now an *Essence* shewn—poor *Man*, }
Whose *Jealousie* was *Author* of his pain, }
But yet the *Fop* recover'd *Rep* again. }
—But now me thinks a *Cloak-Cabal* I see,
Whose *Prick-ear's* glow, whilst they their *Jealousie*
In *Essence* find—but *Citty-Sirs*, I fear, }
Most of *You* have more cause to be severe : }
We yield you are the truest *Character*. }
But *Tommy Swears* by *Rep*—your *Whoring* lives
Are but too bad examples to your *Wives*.
If each man to his *Dolly* wou'd be true, }
Then like my self, your's wou'd be honest too : }
But, *Sirs*, I Vow it was with much ado.

